

THE SINGING-SCHOOL TRIBUTE:

A COLLECTION OF MUSIC FOR

SINGING-SCHOOLS AND MUSICAL CONVENTIONS.

—EDITED BY—

A. J. SHOWALTER & ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

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THE
SINGING SCHOOL TRIBUTE

A

→*COLLECTION+OF+MUSIC*←

FOR

Singing-schools, Conventions, Choirs, and Musical Societies:

WITH

RUDIMENTS+OF+MUSIC.

BY

Anthony J. Showalter & Aldine S. Kieffer.

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J. M. ARMSTRONG & CO., MUSIC TYPOGRAPHERS, PHILADELPHIA,

PREFACE.

THE object of the age is to simplify science. The energies of the brightest and most powerful minds are thus engaged to-day.

We point with pride to the results attained by the Character Note system of notation. It has given us congregational singing in the church, and social singing in the class and at home. It has opened the *locked door* to a noble and heavenly science. Tens of thousands are singing to-day who without it would be voiceless. It has yielded the greatest results. It is making America a nation of singers. It is an American plant, watered in its native soil, and cannot be uprooted. Other systems for other countries, if it must be so; but Character Notes are the peculiar pride of America, and are enshrined in the hearts of its people.

The flush of the morning is here, and the signs in the sky are harbingers of an era of universal song in an universal notation.

THE SINGING-SCHOOL TRIBUTE is another offering to the singing public. It asks a place on its own merits, and solicits a thorough examination.

The editors return thanks to J. H. Tenney, J. H. Rosecrans, E. O. Lyte and George Baker for the permission to use some of their copyright music; and their thanks are also due many others whose names will be found appended to their respective compositions.

A. J. SHOWALTER,

A. S. KIEFFER.

AUGUST, 1880.

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RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.



CHAPTER I.

ANALYSIS OF TONES.

1. A musical sound is called a TONE.
2. An analysis of tones will make it apparent that certain differences naturally exist between them, giving rise to the following distinctions: they may be—
 - i. LOW OR HIGH.
 - ii. LONG OR SHORT.
 - iii. LOUD OR SOFT.
3. Hence, tones have three properties, all of which are necessary to their existence. These are—
 - i. PITCH.
 - ii. LENGTH.
 - iii. POWER.
4. From this fact comes the customary division of the elements of music into three departments:—
 - i. That which treats of the *pitch* of tones:—MELODICS.
 - ii. That which treats of the *length* of tones:—RHYTHMICS.
 - iii. That which treats of the *power* of tones:—DYNAMICS.

CHAPTER II.

MELODICS.

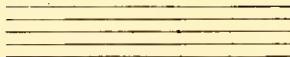
5. Tones are combined in a certain series consisting of eight.
6. This series of eight tones is called the SCALE.
7. The tones of the scale are named by the *numeral names*—**ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE, SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT.**
8. In elementary instruction, especially as an aid to those who are beginning to learn to sing in classes, the following *syllables* are used in connection with the tones of the scale, for the purpose of suggesting relative pitch:—

RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

Written DO, RE, MI, FA, SOL, LA, SI, DO. Pronounced DOE, RAY, MEE, FAH, SOLE, LAH, SEE, DOE.

9. The scale is represented to the eye by a character consisting of *five lines* and *four spaces*, called the STAFF.

MUSICAL STAFF.



10. Each line and each space of the staff is called a DEGREE.

11. The staff contains nine degrees, counted upwards from the lowest.

12. The compass of the staff may be extended by using the spaces above and below, and also additional lines and spaces.

13. The additional lines are called ADDED LINES.

14. The additional spaces are called SPACES ABOVE, or SPACES BELOW.

STAFF WITH ADDED LINES ABOVE AND BELOW.



15. Tones are indicated on the staff by characters, called NOTES.

16. In the Seven-Character-Note System of Notation, the tones are more readily indicated by notes of different shapes for the different tones.

17. Tones may be added above and below the scale, as far as the ear is capable of distinguishing them.

18. EIGHT of the lower scale is ONE of the next scale above, and *vice versa*.

CHAPTER III.

MELODICS.

19. Abstract pitch, or that which is independent of scale relationship, is called ABSOLUTE PITCH.

20. The names employed to indicate the absolute pitch of tones are the first seven letters of the alphabet—

A, B, C, D, E, F, G.

21. The MODEL or STANDARD SCALE—by which is meant the first in the order of classification—is based upon the pitch C; or C is taken as *one*, and the order of tones is as follows:—C is *one*, D is *two*, E is *three*, F is *four*, G is *five*, A is *six*, B is *seven*, C is *eight*.

22. There are two positions in which the scale is most commonly written upon the staff:—First, the tone ONE being represented on the *first added line* below. Second, the tone ONE being represented on the *second space*.

23. To give the tones a fixed position upon the staff, certain letters indicating absolute pitch are used, and when thus used are called CLEFS.

24. The letters most commonly used as clefs are G and F.

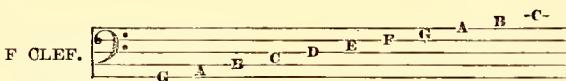
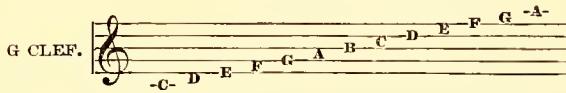
25. The G CLEF is placed upon the *second line*, and determines the pitch of that line to be G; consequently C—ONE of the C scale—must be represented by the *first added line below*.

26. The F CLEF is placed upon the *fourth line*, and determines the pitch of that line to be F; consequently C—ONE of the C scale—must be represented by the *second space*.

27. The letter C is also used as a clef, and when thus used it is applied to different degrees of the staff.

28. In this work the C CLEF is placed upon the *third space*, and determines the pitch of that space to be C; consequently C—ONE of the C scale—must be represented by the *first added line below*.

It will be seen that the C CLEF fixes the letters upon the staff in the same order as the G CLEF; but it indicates the tones an octave—eight degrees—lower, and enables the Tenor to be more readily distinguished.

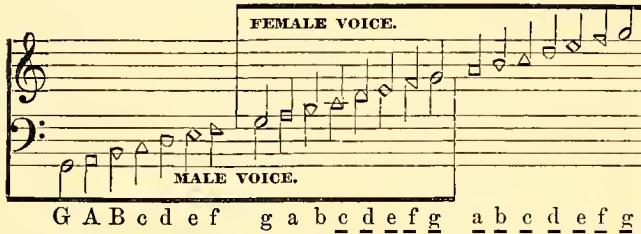


CHAPTER IV.

MELODICS.

29. The whole compass of tones appreciable by the human ear consists of about nine octaves, about one third of which is within the range of the human voice.

30. The tones of the different octaves, denoted by the same letters, are designated by capitals and small letters, together with marks below or above them. Thus:—



Example illustrating the usual compass of the different classes of voices, with the use of the clefs, and the relation of the different parts.

TREBLE

CHAPTER V.

RHYTHMICS

34. The relative length of tones is measured by a division of time into small equal portions.

31. The human voice is naturally divided into four classes :
i. Low male voices—**BASE**.
ii. High male voices—**TENOR**.
iii. Low female voices—**ALTO**.
iv. High female voices—**SOPRANO OR TREBLE**.

32. The G Clef, also called Treble Clef, is used for Soprano and Alto, and often for Tenor. When used for Tenor it denotes small g instead of one marked small g, as when used for Soprano or Alto.

33. The F Clef, also called Base Clef, is used for Bass, and often for Tenor. It is used for Tenor when the Bass and Tenor are written on the same staff.

35. The small portions into which time is divided are called MEASURES.

36. Measures are subdivided into smaller portions called **PULSES** or **BEATS**, or **PARTS OF MEASURES**.

37. Measures may be of longer or shorter duration ; they have no absolute length.

38. Measures are represented to the eye by space between *vertical lines*, called BARS. Thus :—

BAR. MEASURE. BAR. MEASURE. DOUBLE-BAR.



The Double-Bar is used to indicate the end of an exercise, or of a phrase in music, or of a line in poetry.

39. Measures and their subdivisions may be indicated by any regular recurring motions or sounds.

40. There are two methods most commonly used : first, *to the ear*, by counting ; second, *to the eye*, by motions of the hand called BEATING TIME. Each motion of the hand is called a BEAT.

41. A measure having *two parts* is called DOUBLE MEASURE.

42. The first part of a double measure should be accented ; the second, unaccented.

43. Double Measure is indicated by counting *one, two* ; or by two motions of the hand : *down, up*.

44. A measure having *three parts* is called triple measure.

45. The first part of a Triple Measure should be accented ; the second and third, unaccented.

46. Triple Measure is indicated by counting *one, two, three* ; or by three motions of the hands : *down, left, up*.

47. A measure having *four parts* is called quadruple measure.

48. The first and third parts of a quadruple measure should be accented ; the second and fourth, unaccented.

49. Quadruple Measure is indicated by counting *one, two, three, four* ; or by four motions of the hand : *down, left, right, up*.

50. A measure having *six parts* is called sextuple measure.

51. The first and fourth parts of a Sextuple Measure should be accented ; the second, third, fifth and sixth, unaccented.

52. Sextuple Measure is indicated by counting *one, two, three, four, five, six* ; or by six motions of the hand : *down, left, left, right, up, up*.

53. Sextuple Measure is also called compound double measure, and is indicated by counting *one, two* ; or by two motions of the hand : *down, up*,—comprehending three parts to each count or beat.

54. A measure having *nine parts* is called *compound triple measure*.

55. A Compound Triple Measure should be accented upon the first, fourth and seventh parts.

56. Compound Triple Measure is indicated by counting *one, two, three*; or by three motions of the hand: *down, left, up*,—comprehending three parts to each count or beat.

57. A measure having *twelve parts* is called *compound quadruple measure*.

58. Compound quadruple measure should be accented upon the first, fourth, seventh and tenth parts.

59. Compound quadruple measure is indicated by counting *one, two, three, four*; or by four motions of the hand: *down, left, right, up*,—comprehending three beats to each count or beat.

CHAPTER VI.

RHYTHMICS.

60. In addition to what has been said of notes (15), they are used to represent the relative length of tones.

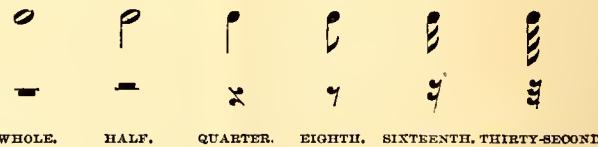
61. The relative value of notes is indicated by their names, which are as follow:—whole note, half note, quarter note, eighth note, sixteenth note, and thirty-second note.

62. A part of a measure, a measure, or more than a measure, may be passed over in silence; and this is called RESTING.

63. Resting is indicated by characters called RESTS.

64. The relative length of rests is indicated by their names, which are as follow:—whole rest, half rest, quarter rest, eighth rest, sixteenth rest, and thirty-second rest.

NOTES AND RESTS.



65. The length of a note or rest is increased *one-half* by the addition of a DOT. For instance a dotted whole is equal to three halves, etc.

66. When a second dot is added, the increase of valuation amounts to *one half* the value of the first dot, or *one fourth* of the note without any dot.

67. Figures are sometimes placed over notes to reduce their value. Thus, the figure 3 placed over three notes shows that their value is so reduced that the three are to be sung in the time of two.

69. The combination of three notes with the figure 3 placed above or below them is called a TRIPLET.

68. Figures placed at the beginning of a musical composition indicate the *kind* and variety of measure in which the piece is written.

70. The upper figure shows *number of parts* in the measure, and the lower figure shows the *kind of note* that belongs to each part. Thus the figures $\frac{2}{4}$ show that it requires *two quarter notes*, or their corresponding value, to fill the measure.

71. The SLUR — indicates that all the tones over which it is placed are to be sung to one word or syllable.

72. SYCOPATION is changing the accent from an accented part of the measure to an unaccented one.

73. Four dots placed on the staff, thus—  is called a REPEAT, and shows that the preceding passage is to be repeated.

74. Where only part of the passage is to be repeated it is indicated thus:— 

A

75. When a tone is to be prolonged beyond the time indicated by the note by which it is represented, such prolongation is indicated by a HOLD .

76. DA CAPO, or D.C., indicates a repetition of the first part.

77. DAL SEGNO, or D.S., indicates a repetition from the SIGN .

78. The place to end after a D.C., or a D.S., is indicated by the word FINE; and often by the hold placed over a double bar.

CHAPTER VII.

MELODICS.

79. The difference of pitch between two tones is called an INTERVAL. Thus the difference of pitch between *one* and *two* is an interval.

80. In the regular succession of the tones of the scale, there are two kinds of intervals: the longer, called STEPS; and the smaller, called HALF-STEPS.

81. The half-step intervals occur between *three* and *four*, and *seven* and *eight*.

82. Between those tones of the scale which form the interval of a step, an intermediate tone may be introduced: thus, an intermediate tone may be introduced between *one* and *two*, *two* and *three*, *four* and *five*, *five* and *six*, and *six* and *seven*.

83. An intermediate tone is named from either of the two scale-tones between which it occurs, with addition of either the word sharp or flat prefixed or suffixed. Thus, the intermediate tone between *one* and *two*, with respect to relative pitch, is named SHARP-ONE or FLAT-TWO, and with respect to absolute pitch C SHARP or D FLAT. The same principle is applied to the naming of all the other intermediate tones.

84. An intermediate tone is represented by the same degree of the staff as is the scale-tone from which it is named, modified by a SHARP ♯, FLAT ♭, or NATURAL ♮.

85. A sharp causes a degree to represent a tone a half-step higher than it does without the sharp.

86. A flat makes a degree represent a tone a half-step lower than than it does without the flat.

87. A natural cancels the effect of a sharp or flat.

88. Sharps and flats continue their significance throughout the measure in which they occur.

89. The intermediate tones are called CHROMATIC TONES.

90. The other tones are called DIATONIC TONES.

91. The scale composed of the diatonic tones only, is called the DIATONIC SCALE.

92. The scale composed of thirteen tones including the eight diatonic tones and the five chromatic tones is called the CHROMATIC SCALE.

CHROMATIC SCALE ASCENDING.



CHAPTER VIII.

MELODICS.

93. In addition to the regular intervals called steps and half-steps, there are other intervals made by skipping, as SECONDS, THIRDS, FOURTHS, etc.

94. These names are derived from the manner in which the intervals are represented on the staff.

95. An interval that in its representation embraces two adjoining degrees of the staff is called a SECOND; three degrees, a THIRD; four degrees, a FOURTH; five degrees, a FIFTH; six degrees, a SIXTH; seven degrees, a SEVENTH; and eight degrees, an OCTAVE.

96. A second that is equal to a *half-step* is a MINOR SECOND.

97. A second that is equal to a *step* is a MAJOR SECOND.

98. A third that is equal to *one step* and *one half-step* is a MINOR THIRD.

99. A third that is equal to *two steps* is a MAJOR THIRD.

100. A fourth that is equal to *two steps* and *one half-step* is a PERFECT FOURTH.

101. A fourth that is equal to *three steps* is a SHARP FOURTH.

102. A fifth that is equal to *two steps* and *two half-steps* is a FLAT FIFTH.

103. A fifth that is equal to *three steps* and *one half-step* is a PERFECT FIFTH.

104. A sixth that is equal to *three steps* and *two half-steps* is a MINOR SIXTH.

105. A sixth that is equal to *four steps* and *one half-step* is a MAJOR SIXTH.

106. A seventh that is equal to *four steps* and *two half-steps* is a MINOR SEVENTH.

107. A seventh that is equal to *five steps* and *one half-step* is a MAJOR SEVENTH.

108. An OCTAVE is equal to *five steps* and *two half-steps*.

CHAPTER IX.

MELODICS.

109. In the treatment of the scale thus far the pitch c has always been taken as *one*; but this may be changed and any other pitch may be taken as *one*. Such a change is called TRANSPOSITION.

110. In transposing the scale the proper order of intervals must be preserved.

111. This is done by omitting certain tones of the old key, and adapting in their place certain intermediate tones as members of the new key.

112. The natural order of transposing the scale is that which requires the change of but one tone with each transposition.

113. There are two ways by which this is done. First, by fifths,—that is by taking *five* of the old key for the key-note of the new key. Second, by fourths,—that is by taking *four* of the old key for the key-note of the new key.

114. In transposing by fifths, *four* of the old key is omitted, and *sharp-four* adopted in its place; *sharp-four* becoming *seven* of the new key.

115. In transposing by fourths, *seven* of the old key is omitted, and *flat-seven* adopted in its place; *flat-seven* becoming *four* of the new key.

116. The intermediate tone required in transposition is called THE TONE OF TRANPOSITION.

117. In transposing by fifths, *sharp-four* is the tone of transposition. Hence formula,—“*Sharp-four transposes the scale a fifth.*”

118. In transposing by fourths, *flat-seven* is the tone of transposition. Hence the formula,—“*Flat-seven transposes the scale a fourth.*”

119. The sharps and flats necessary in the different keys are placed at the beginning of the staff, immediately after the clef, and thus becomes the SIGNATURE (sign) of the key.

TABLE SHOWING THE DIFFERENT KEYS WITH THEIR SIGNATURES.



CHAPTER X.

MELODICS.

120. In addition to the scale already explained, there is another scale differing from that in the order of its intervals called the **MINOR SCALE**.

121. The scale which has already been explained (Chapter II.) is called the **MAJOR SCALE**.

122. Unlike the major scale, the minor scale has different forms. The forms most commonly used are here represented and named.

NATURAL MINOR SCALE.



HARMONIC MINOR SCALE.



MELODIC MINOR SCALE.



123. The distinguishing feature of Major and Minor scales is the third. The Major scale is known by its *major third*, and the Minor by its *minor third*.

CHAPTER XI.

MELODICS.

124. Tones not essentially belonging to a melody, are sometimes introduced into music, called **PASSING TONES**.

125. Passing tones are sometimes, though not always, represented by notes of smaller size than those in which music is mostly written.

126. A passing tone that precedes an essential tone on an accented part of the measure is called an **APPOGGIATURA**.

APPOGGIATURA.

WRITTEN.	PERFORMED.

127. A passing tone that follows an essential tone on an unaccented part of the measure is called an **AFTER TONE**.

AFTER TONE.

WRITTEN.	PERFORMED.

128. A rapid alteration of a tone with the one next above it, is called a **TRILL**.

TRILL.

<i>tr</i> WRITTEN.	PERFORMED.	OR

129. A tone sung in rapid succession with the tones next above and below it, is called a **TURN**.

TURN.

--

CHAPTER XII.

DYNAMICS.

130. A tone of medium force is called MEZZO (pronounced met-zo) : it is indicated by the abbreviation *mez.*, or by its initial, *m.*

131. A tone somewhat softer than mezzo is called PIANO (pee-ah-no), and is indicated by *piano*, *pia.*, or *p.*

132. A tone somewhat softer than piano, or a very soft tone is called PIANISSIMO (pee-ab-niss-i-mo), and is indicated by *pp.*

133. A tone somewhat louder than mezzo, or a loud tone is called FORTE (four-tay), and is indicated by *forte*, *for.*, or *f.*

134. A tone somewbat louder than forte, or a very loud tone is called FORTISSIMO (four-tiss-e-mo), and is indicated by *ff.*

135. A tone commenced, continued, and ended with an equal degree of force, is called an ORGAN TONE, and is indicated by two parallel lines, thus ——.

136. A tone gradually increasing or growing louder, is called CRESCENDO (cre-sben-do), and is indicated by *cres.*, or by two divergent lines, thus <>.

137. A tone gradually diminishing or growing softer, is called DIMINUENDO (dim-in-ou-en-do), and is indicated by *dim.*, or by two convergent lines, thus >>.

138. A union of crescendo and diminuendo is called the SWELL, and is indicated by the union of the divergent and convergent lines, thus <>>.

139. A very sudden crescendo or swell is called PRESSURE TONE, and is indicated thus <> or <>>.

140. A tone which is produced very forcibly, and instantly diminished is called the SFORTZANDO (sfort-zan-do), and is indicated thus >, or by *sf.*, or *fz.*

141. Where successive tones are produced in a smooth, connected manner, they are said to be LEGATO (lay-ga-to). The legato is indicated by the term *legato*, or by a curved line, thus ~~~~.

142. When tones are produced in a short, detached, or disconnected manner they are said to be STACCATO (sta-kar-to). Staccato is indicated by points, thus ! ! ! ! .

143. A medium between the legato and the staccato, is called HALF STACCATO, and is indicated by dots, thus · · · · .

144. Finally, the notation which represents to the eye a piece of music with its *tempo* marks, its lights and shades, and its melodic, harmonic, and rhythmical design, is only the skeleton of the musical subject. It remains for the singer to breathe life into it, and make it a living reality which shall lift upward his own heart and those of his bearers. So shall be produce the effect for which music is designed, and for which it is so admirably adapted.

The
SINGING-SCHOOL TRIBUTE.

GREETING.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

2
4

1 Wel - come, welcome, one and all, To this mer - ry fes - tal hall; Sing - ing songs of mer - ry glee, We are hap - py, glad and free.

2 Sing - ing, sing - ing all day long, Now this tune, and now this song; Mu - sic ring - ing, clear and sweet, Thro' the halls where'er we meet.

3 Oh, the joy of mu - sic sweet, When to - geth - er friends we greet: Care is banished from the place; Gladness beams in ev' - ry face.

2
4

WE'RE A HAPPY VOCAL BAND.

By per. E. D. KECK.

1 We're a hap - py vo - cal band, All u - nit - ed, heart and hand; Sing-ing light - ly, glad and free, Hap - py, hap - py, hap - py we.

2 Mer - ry, mer - ry all the day, Quick-ly flies the time a - way; Sing-ing morn - ing, noon and eve, Hav - ing not the time to grieve.

3 Care is ban - ished from the mind; All our sor - rows left be - hind. Dancing eyes are spark-ling bright; Fa - ces heam - ing with de - light.

MAKING HAY.

A. J. SHOWALTEE.

1 The East is ro - sy with the day, The misty shad-ows float a - way; And down a-mong the corn, I hear, The quails are pi - ping loud and clear.

2 With steady stroke and elang-ing peal, The mowers whet the gleaming steel; And fast he - fore the swinging blade In fragrant swaths the grass is laid.

3 No speck is on the shin-ing hue; The thirsty sun drinks up the dew; While far and wide, with ins - ty shout, The mowers toss the hay a - bout.

THE QUIET MIND.

J. H. BOSECRANS.

17

1 Though low my lot, my wish is won, My hopes and fears are stayed; All I thought life would do is done; The last re - quest is made.

2 And come what will of care or woe, As some must come to all, I'll wish not that they were not so, Nor mourn that they be - fall.

3 When friends de - part, as part we must, And love's true joys de - cay, That leave us like the sum-mer dust Which whirlwinds puff a - way;

If I have foes, no foes I'll fear; To God I live re-sigued; I have a friend I val - ue here, And that's a qui - et miud.

If tears of sor - row start at will, They're comforts in their kind; And I am blest, if with me still Remains a qui - et miud.

While life's al - lot - ted time I brave, Though left the last be-hind; A prop and friend I still will have If I've a qui - et mind.

B

SEE THE FLAKES OF FLEECY SNOW.

By per. R. B. MAHAFFEY.

Musical score for the first system of 'See the flakes of fleecy snow'. The score consists of three staves. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff a bass clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The time signature is common time (indicated by '4'). The music features various note heads (circles, triangles, squares) and rests. The vocal line starts with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes.

1 See the flakes of flee - y snow Fall-ing on the whitened earth below; Fall-ing, fall-ing, fall-ing slow, Fall-ing on the whitened earth be - low.

Musical score for the second system of 'See the flakes of fleecy snow'. The staves continue from the first system. The vocal line begins with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes.

2 See the flakes of snow come down; Earth is putting on her roy - al crown; Roy-al, roy - al, roy - al crown, Earth is pnt - ting on her roy - al crown.

Musical score for the third system of 'See the flakes of fleecy snow'. The staves continue from the second system. The vocal line begins with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes.

3 Let us to the hills a - way; This is not the time at home to stay; Haste we, haste we, haste a - way, Haste we to the hills a - way, a - way.

Musical score for the fourth system of 'See the flakes of fleecy snow'. The staves continue from the third system. The vocal line begins with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes.

Musical score for the fifth system of 'See the flakes of fleecy snow'. The staves continue from the fourth system. The vocal line begins with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes.

See the flakes of flee - y snow Fall-ing on the earth be - low; Fall-ing, fall-ing, fall-ing slow, Fall-ing on the whitened earth be - low.

Musical score for the sixth system of 'See the flakes of fleecy snow'. The staves continue from the fifth system. The vocal line begins with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes.

See the flakes of flee - y snow, Fall-ing on the earth be - low; Fall-ing, fall-ing, fall-ing slow, Fall-ing on the whitened earth be - low.

Musical score for the seventh system of 'See the flakes of fleecy snow'. The staves continue from the sixth system. The vocal line begins with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes.

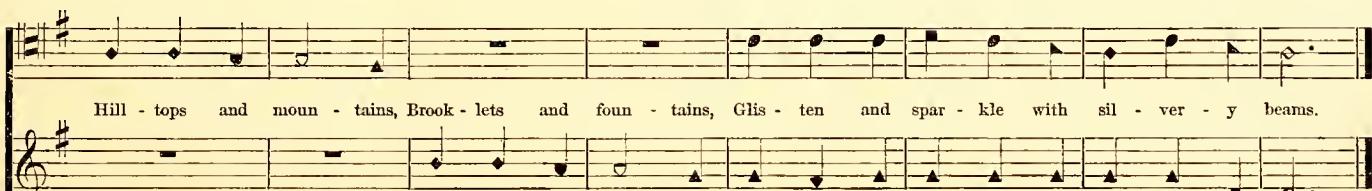
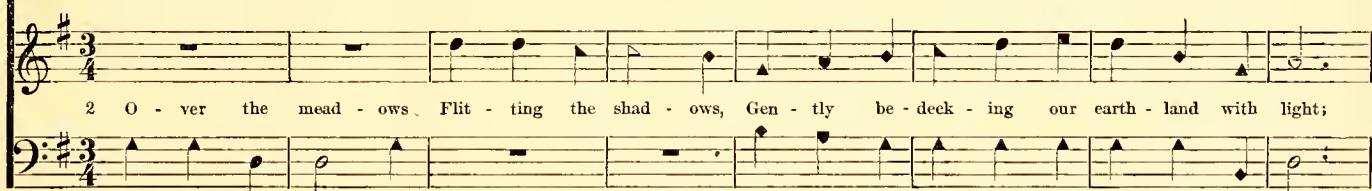
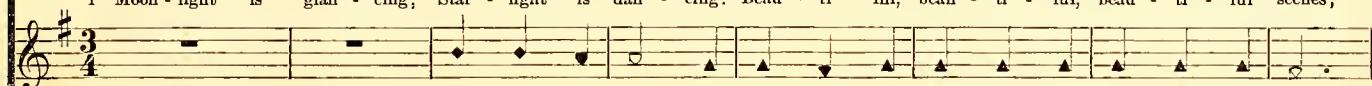
See the flakes of flee - y snow, Fall-ing on the earth be - low; Fall-ing, fall-ing, fall-ing slow, Fall-ing on the whitened earth be - low.

Musical score for the eighth system of 'See the flakes of fleecy snow'. The staves continue from the seventh system. The vocal line begins with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes.

MOONLIGHT.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

19



THE SLEIGH-RIDE.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1 Oh, see the snow-y wreaths! they lie Here on the hills, There in the vales; The breeze nor'west now clears the sky: Gay- ly we'll go, Gay- ly we'll go.



2 Then on the glitt'ring, sparkling snow, Loudly the hells Ring thro' the dells; With breeze nor'west we gay - ly go, Bright is the day. Smoothly we fly.



3 Oh, see! each prancer pricks his ears As, on the track, Reining them back, The drivers homeward ho! he hears: Brightly and gay, Crack and a-way.



Jump in, jump in, with muffling fur; Jack Frost's abroad the blood to stir. O'er slipp'ry snow we brisk-ly go, With jingling bells a glad cheer ho!



Come in, come in, young hearts, a song; With jingling hells we'll fly a - long. The stars are out; the moon is clear: A mer - ry night the heart to cheer



Jump out, jump out, a glad hurrah! The fire burns bright as swings the door. Loved friends we meet with smiles to greet, And then we part: good-night, good-night.



AUTUMN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

21



1 The sum - mer flow'rs are fad - ed now; The sum - mer hirds have flown; And in the wood the shad - ows lie Where once the sunlight shone;



2 The gold - en corn is gath - ered in,— A rich and hounteous store; And creak - ing wains no long - er stand Be - fore the ponderous door:



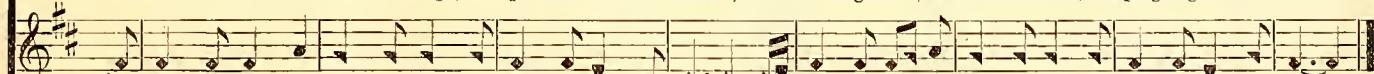
3 The scar - let her - ries bright - ly gleam From many a hedge-row - way, Where erst in sum - mer days we plucked The sweetly scent-ed spray:



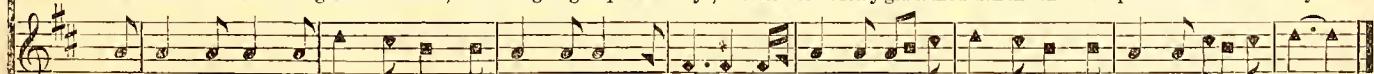
4 So pass the sea - sons, and, like them, Our life has sea - sons too: Spring's ten - der bud, and summer's flow'rs, And autumn's golden hue:



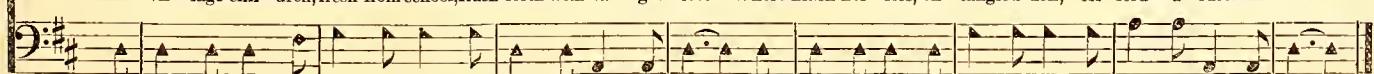
There is no hlos - som on the bough, No per-fume on the breeze; And wailing-winds,with mournful tone,Sweep sighing thro' the trees.



Forth from the fields the glean - ers come, With ling'ring step and eye, Lest some stray grain should in their haste Be passed unheend - ed hy.



And vil - lage chil - dren,fresh from school,Rush forth with ea - ger feet Where black-her - ries, in tangled dell, Af - ford a luscious treat.



Be ours the task to guide them all Through wisdom's pleasant ways; That hlossoms plucked in summer hours May glad - den win - try days!

LIVE TO SOME PURPOSE.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



1 Live to some pur - pose: your days may be brief; Your life may soon draw to a close: So live that death's summons may



2 Live to some pur - pose: catch time as it flies; For time is a ta - per that burns; A gem of great val - ue,— a



3 Live to some pur - pose: the sun will shine brighter If you faith - ful - ly toil 'neath its beams; Your blood will flow pur - er, your



be a re - lief; Not bring with it dead - li - er woes. Live to some pur - pose; for life was not giv-en To be



rich, float - ing prize: Once de - part - ed, it nev - er re - turns. Live to some pur - pose: God nev - er in - tend-ed A



heart will beat lighter, Your sleep will bring pleas - ant - er dreams. Live to some pur - pose; and when you are dead, When your



LIVE TO SOME PURPOSE. Concluded.

23

squandered a-way at your will: Each act of your life is re-cord-ed in heaven, To an-swer for good or for ill.

man for a slov-en-ly drone; Let pleasure and toil to-gether he blended: They min-gle so sweet-ly in one.

ash-es re-pose in the earth, Age, manhood, and yonth will kneel round thy bed, And tell of thy glo-ry and worth.

EVENING.

Arr. by A. J. SHOWALTER

1 Come, soft and love-ly eve-ning, Spread o'er the gras-sy fields; We love the peaceful feel-ing Thy si-lent com-ing yields,

2 All na-ture now is si-lent, Ex-cept the pass-ing breeze; And birds their night songs warbling A-mong the dew-y trees.

3 Sweet eve-ning, thou art with us, So tran-quil, mild and still; Thou dost our thankful bo-soms With hum-hle prais-es fill.

TWILIGHT IS FALLING.

B. C. UNSELD.
From the "Temple Star," by per.

1 Twi-light is steal-ing O - ver the sea; Shad-ows are fall - ing Dark on the lea; Borne on the nightwinds, Voices of yore Come from the far - off shore.

2 Voic-es of loved ones! Songs of the past! Still linger round me, While life shall last: Lonely I wan-der, Sad - ly I roam, Seeking that far - off home.

3 Come in the twi-light, Come, come to me! Bringing some message O - ver the sea, Cheering my path-way While here I roam, Seek-ing that far - off home,

CHORUS.

Far a - way he-yond the star-lit skies, Where the love-light nev-er, nev-er dies, Gleameth a mansion filled with delight,—Sweet, happy home, so bright!

Far a - way be-yond the star-lit skies, Where the love-light nev-er, nev-er dies, Gleameth a mansion filled with delight,—Sweet, happy home, so bright!

Far a - way be-yond the star-lit skies, Where the love-light nev-er, nev-er dies, Gleameth a mansion filled with delight,—Sweet, happy home, so bright!



1 Spring with its promised bloom once more, And Sum - mer with its flowers, The Au - tumn with its gold - en store, And Winter's mer-ry hours,



2 Then let us stud - y well and long Each fair il - lum - ined page, Still cheer - ing by our smile and song, The hours from youth to 'age,'



These all have charms for those who read Kind na - ture's book a - right; Their truths if we would on - ly heed, Our whole lives might be bright.



Then quick-ly will the years pass by Till, in a pur - er clime, We dwell beneath a cloud - less sky, Be- yond the flight of time.



CHRISTMAS SONG.

Arr. by A. J. SHOWALTER.



1 Hark! hark! the sweet, sweet chim - ing Of mer - ry Christmas bells! Their low, mel-o - dious hymning A won-drous sto - ry tells.



2 To God the high - est, glo - ry! While heavenly arch - es ring, Re - spon-si - ve to the sto - ry That Ga - bri - el doth sing.



3 And, when the dawn is streak - ing The east - ern sky a - far, They see the morn - ing break - ing From off a new - horn Star!



4 No king - ly crown a - waits him, No robes of Tyr - ian dye, But heavenly choirs his prais - es Are sound - ing through the sky!



Be -neath the stars that glis - ten O'er dis - tant Syr - ian plains, The watch - ing shep - herds lis - ten To clear an - gel - ic strains.



"The peace on earth, whose bless - ing Shall bring good will to men," And in his name pro - gress - ing; Shall fill the world a - gain.



It shines a - bove the man - ger Where-in a babe is born, And for that in - fant stran - ger Arch-an - gels hail the morn.



For Betblehem's slow - ly man - ger The King of kings con - tains! And glo - ry! glo - ry, glo - ry! The Lord of all He reigns!

MERRILY ON.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

27

1 Oh, swift we go o'er the flee - cy snow, When moonheams sparkle round; When hoofs keep time to mus - ic's chime, As mer - ri - ly on we bound.
2 On win - ter's night, when hearts are light, And breath is on the wind, We loose the rein and sweep the plain, And leave our cares he - hind.
3 With laugh and song we glide a - long A - cross the fleet-ing snow; With friends be - side, how swift we ride The spark-ling track be - low!

we bound,
As mer-ri-ly on, as mer-ri-ly on, As mer-ri-ly on we bound, When hoofs keep time to mnsic's chime, As mer-ri-ly on we bound.
As mer-ri-ly on, as mer-ri-ly on, As mer-ri-ly on we bound, When hoofs keep time to music's chime, As mer-ri-ly on we bound.
we bound,

TRIP LIGHTLY.

J. H. LESLIE, by per.



2 Trip light - ly o - ver sor - row, Though all the way be dark; The sun may shine' to-mor - row, And gay - ly sing the lark;

3 Trip light - ly o - ver sad - ness; Stand not to rail at doom; We've pearls to string of glad - ness On this side of the tomb;

Why clasp woe's hands so tight - ly? Why sigh o'er blos - soms dead? Why cling to forms un - sight - ly? Why not seek joy in - stead?

Fair hopes have not de - part - ed, Thoughros - es may have fled: Then nev - er be down-heart-ed; But look for joy in - stead.

While stars are night - ly shin - ing, And heaven is o - ver - head, En - cour - age not re - pin - ing; But look for joy in - stead.

TRIP LIGHTLY. Concluded.

29

CHORUS.

Repeat. pp

Trip lightly, trip light-ly, Trip light - ly o - ver trou - hle; Trip lightly, trip lightly, Trip lightly o - ver wrong.

Trip light - ly, trip light - ly, Trip light - ly o - ver trou - hle; Trip light - ly, trip light - ly, Trip light-ly o - ver wrong.

Trip lightly, trip light-ly, Trip light - ly o - ver trou - hle; Trip lightly, trip lightly, Trip lightly o - ver wrong.

Rev. S. F. SMITH.
Maestoso.

AMERICA.

HANDEL.

1 My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From ev' - ry mountain side Let freedom ring!

2 My native conn - try, thee-Land of the no - ble free-Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.

3 Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song! Let mortal tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their si - lence break,— The sound pro - long!

4 Our father's God! to thee, Author of lib - er - ty, To thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light; Protect us by thy might, Great God our King!

SOLDIERS, REST!

E. T. POUND.



1 { Sol - diers, rest! we come a - gain From the Southern sun-ny lands, } Strewing flowers round the tomb Where the he - roes, brave, and kind, Rest in death from bat-tle's doom,
 Come with hearts and vo - cal strain, Pay-ing trib - ute to thy band.



2 { Sol - diers, rest from bat - tle fray, Where the clash of arms is heard, } On the lone and si - lent grave We will shed the lov - ing tear; And the true, the valiant brave,
 Thro' the dark and dread - ful day, Send-ing spir - its to their God.



3 { Sol - diers, rest for - ev - er more With the hap - py an - gel throng, } Let the cho - ral an - them sound Where the gold - en harp is heard, And e - ter - nal joys a-bound,
 On the bright e - ter - nal shore, Join-ing in ce - les - tial song,



Leav-ing comrades still be - hind. Sol - diers, rest! Sol - diers, rest! In a bome of peace and love; Ev - er - more, Ev - er - more, In the mansions bright a - bove.



Ev - er bold to mem'ry dear.



In the pres - ence of the Lord. Sol - diers, rest! Sol - diers, rest! In a home of peace and love; Ev - er - more, Ev - er - more, In the mansions bright a - bove.



THE SNOW.

Arr. by A. J. SHOWALTER.

31

1 In flakes of a feath-er - y white 'Tis fall-ing so gen-tly and slow; Oh, pleasant to me is the sight, When si-lent-ly fall-ing the snow.

2 The earth is all cov-ered to-day With man-tle of ra-di-ant show; It sparkles and shines in the ray, In crys-tals of glit-ter-ing snow.

3 How spot-less it seems and how pure: I would that my spir-it were so! Then long as the soul shall en-dure, More brightly I'd shine than the snow.

Snow, snow, snow, When si-lent-ly fall-ing the snow; The snow, the snow, When si-lent-ly fall-ing the snow.

Snow; snow, snow, In crys-tals of glit-ter-ing snow; The snow the snow, the snow, In crys-tals of glit-ter-ing snow.

Snow, snow, snow, More brightly I'd shine than the snow; The snow, the snow, More brightly I'd shine than the snow.

The snow, the snow, the snow,

SONG OF GREETING!

E. O. L.
From "Institute Glee Book," by per.

Allegro.

1. 2. FINE

Mer - ry greet - ing, mer - ry greet - ing, mer - ry greet - ing to all! 1 We come with mer - ry songs and gay, We
 Mer - ry greet - ing, mer - ry greet - ing, mer - ry greet - ing to all! all! { 1 We come with mer - ry greet - ing 2 A mer - ry greet - ing we ex - tend, A
 Mer - ry greet - ing, mer - ry greet - ing, mer - ry greet - ing to all! 2 A mer - ry greet - ing we ex - tend, A

come with mer - ry songs and gay, To drive dull care and gloom a - way, To drive dull care and gloom a - way;
 songs we and gay, To drive dull care and gloom a - way; With our
 ex - tend, A greet - ing warm to ev' - ry friend;
 mer - ry greet - ing we ex - tend, A greet - ing warm to ev' - ry friend;

SONG OF GREETING. Concluded.

33

D.C.

With mu - sic sweet the hours to cheer, And wel - come our com - pan - ions here.
 mu - sic sweet the hours to cheer, And wel - come our com - pan - ions here.
 voi - ces all we'll join in song, While floats the mel - o - dy a - long.
 Our voi - ces all we'll join in song, While floats the mel - o - dy a - long.

SCOTLAND'S BURNING. Round.

1. 2. 3. > > > >

Scot - land's burn - ing! Ring the bell! Call the fire - men! Each one tell! Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!

THE FIREMEN'S CALL. Round.

1. 2. 3. > > > > 4.

Hark! hear the bell, boys! Hear its thrill - ing song! Fire! fire! fire! fire! Hur - ry the en - gine a - long.

D

BRIGHTLY.

From "The Seasons."

1 Bright - ly, bright - ly gleam the spark-ling rills; Sum - mer, sum - mer sleeps on ver - dant
 2 O - dors, o - dors load the sum - mer air; Mu - sic, mu - sic sweet - ly ech - oes
 3 Faint - ly, faint ly sounds the dis - tant fall; Light - ly, light - ly wood - land ech - oes

hills; 'Mid the shadows we ram - bling stray Where cool - ing foun - tains sport - ive play. Peal - ing,
 there; And bright - est maids with soft - est glance, There join the song and lead the dance. Peal - ing,
 call; And in their voice we deem we hear The tones of friends once gay and dear. Peal - ing,

BRIGHTLY. Concluded.

35

Peal - ing, come the laugh and shout, While gay - ly we sing Till the old for - ests ring, While gay - ly we sing Till the

Peal - ing, come the laugh and shout, While gay - ly we sing Till the old for - ests ring, While gay - ly we sing Till the

old for - ests ring With the joy of our mer - ry shout, With the joy of our mer - ry shout.

old for - ests ring With the joy of our mer - ry shout, With the joy of our mer - ry shout.

WOULD I WERE A BOY AGAIN.

1 Oh, would I were a hoy a - gain, When life seemed formed of sun - ny years, And all the heart then knew of pain Was

2 When ev' - ry late hope whis-pered then, My fan - cy deemed was on - ly truth, Oh, would that I could know a - gain The

3 'Tis vain to monru that years have shown How false these fai - ry vis - ions were; Or mur-mur that my eyes have known The

4 But still the heart will fond - ly cling To hopes no long - er prized as truth; And mem' - ry still de-lights to hring The

CHORUS.

swept a - way in tran - sient tears. Oh, would I were a hoy a - gain, When

hap - py vis - ions of my youth. Oh, would I were a hoy a - gain, When life seemed formed of sun-ny years,

hnr - den of a fleet - ing tear. Oh, would I were a boy a - gain, When

hap - py vis - ions of my youth.

WOULD I WERE A BOY AGAIN. Concluded.

37

life seemed formed of sun-ny years, And all the heart then knew of pain Was swept a - way in tran - sient tears.

life seemed formed of sun-ny years, And all the heart then knew of pain Was swept a - way in tran - sient tears.

life seemed formed of sun-ny years, And all the heart then knew of pain Was swept a - way in tran - sient tears.

'TWAS YOU, SIR. Round.

LORD MORNINGTON.

1.

'Twas you, sir! 'Twas you, sir! I tell you noth-ing new, sir! 'Twas you that kissed the pretty girl! 'Twas you, sir! you!

2.

'Tis true, sir! 'Tis true, sir! You look so ver - y blue, sir! 'Twas you that kissed the pretty girl! 'Twas you, 'tis true:

3.

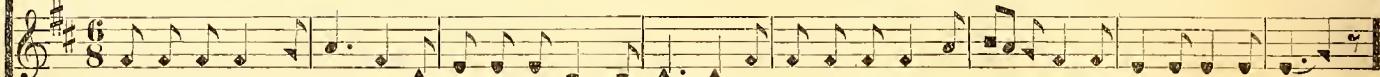
Oh, sir! no, sir! No, no, no, no, no, sir! How can you wrong me so, sir? I did not kiss the pret-ty girl; But I know who.

WELCOME TO MAY.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1 Come with the dew of morn - ing. It melts with the sun's glad ray. All radiant with light, hring garlands bright, Thy precious gifts, sweet May



2 Come with the lay of glad - ness, So full with the sounds of mirth, So sweet and so pure from mu-sic's store, To hail thy gladsome birth.



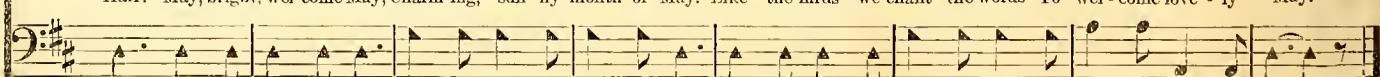
3 Come in the noon - day gleaming, When, bright with its gold - en ray, The sun with his light, in lustre bright, Doth greet thee, merry May.



Hail! May, hright, wel-come May, Charm-ing, sun-ny month of May. Like the birds we chant the words To wel-come love-ly May.



Hail! May, bright, wel-come May, Charm-ing, sun-ny month of May. Like the hirds we chant the words To wel-come love-ly May.



WHAT A WORLD THIS MIGHT BE.

Popular German Song.

39

1 Oh, what a world this might be, If hearts were al - ways kind, - - - If hearts were al - ways kind; If,

2 With love's own voice to guide us, Un-chang-ing - ly and fond, - - - Un - chang - ing - ly and fond; With

3 Oh, what a world this- might be, More blest than that of yore, - - More blest than that of yore; What

friend-ship, none would slight thee; If, love, no hearts would blight thee; And for - tune prove less blind, And for-tne prove less blind.

none to cold - ly chide us; With all we wish be - side us; And not a care be-yond, And not a care be-yond.

though the world should slight thee; Come, learn, and 'twill re-quite thee, To love each oth - er more, To love each oth-er more.

Allegro.

FAREWELL SERENADE.

 EDWARD BROOKS.
 From "Teachers' Institute Glee Book," by per.

1 The twilight is melting away; Bright stars gem the hrow of the night; Soft

2 May the par'est and fair'est of earth E'er fondly thy path-way eu-twine! May thy

zeph-yrs steal forth to caress, As we hasten the heart to de-light. Then wake from thy slum-hers, And

joys be as bright as thy worth,— Round thy heart ev'-ry bless-ing com-bine! Then wake from thy slum-hers, And

FAREWELL SERENADE. Concluded.

41

list to our num - bers; We soon are to wan - der a - far; But we'll breathe choic - est bless - ings for
list to our num - bers; We soon are to wan - der a - far; But we'll breathe choic - est bless - ings for

thee, As we sing to the flute and gui - tar; But we'll sing to the flute and gui - tar.
thee, As we sing to the flute and gui - tar; But we'll sing to the flute and gui - tar.

LONGFELLOW.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

1 Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest; Home-keep - ing hearts are hap - pi - est; For those that wan - der, they

2 Wea - ry and home - sick and dis - tress - ed, They wan - der East, they wau - der West, And are baffled and beat - en and

3 Theu stay at home, my heart, and rest; The bird is sa - fest in its nest; O'er all that flut - ter their

know not where, Are full of trouble and full of care: To stay at home is best, To stay at home is best.

blown a - bout By the winds of the wild - er - ness of doubt: To stay at home is best, To stay at home is best.

wings and fly A hawk is hov - er - ing in the sky: To stay at home is best, To stay at home is best.

SWEETLY SING.

1 Soft - ly, soft - ly, sweet - ly sing, For eve - ning gales are gen - tly breath-ing; Ma - ny fra-grant o - dors bring From field and gar - den bower;

2 Soft - ly, soft - ly, sweet - ly ng, For here on mos - sy bank re - clin-ing, Mem'ries on swift pin - ions bring The scenes of for - mer years;

3 Soft - ly, then, and sweet - ly sing, Our voic - es chime so well to - geth - er; Thus, my friends, our hearts have been For many a pleas - ant year.

Sweet ros - es, queens of leaf - y June, And sing-ing birds are all in tune, And lil - ies white per-fume the air With fragrance rich and rare.

We see the friends of childhood's days, We hear the old fa - mil - iar lays Sung long a - go be-neath the tree That shel-tered you and me.

If hearts were all in tune like ours, Then peaceful, bright would be the hours, And fair would bloom the beanteous flowers, And all se - rene would be.

OUTWARD BOUND.

The musical score consists of six staves of music in common time, featuring a key signature of one flat. The vocal line is accompanied by a piano or harp, indicated by the first staff which shows a bass clef and a treble clef above it. The lyrics are integrated with the music, appearing below each staff. The music is divided into four sections, each starting with a new staff and ending with a repeat sign and a double bar line. The first section ends with a single bar line and a repeat sign. The second section begins with a single bar line. The third section begins with a single bar line. The fourth section begins with a single bar line.

1 I sit and watch the ships go ont A - cross the wid' ning sea, How one hy one, in shim' ring sun, .

2 Be-yond the low ho - ri - zon line Where my short sight must fail, Some oth - er eyes a watch will keep,

3 So round the world the ships will sail, To drear - y lands or fair; So with them go, for weal or woe,

4 O hu - man love, so kind, so true, That knows not mete nor bound, But fol - lows with un - wear - ied watch

They sail a - way from me! I know not to what lands they sail, Nor what the freights they hear;

Wher - e'er the ships may sail: By night, hy day, or near, or far, O'er nar - row seas or wide,

Some dear ones ev' - ry where; And these will speed each lag - ging keel, When home - ward it is laid;

Our dai - ly chang - ing round:- O Love Di - vine, O Love Su - preme, What mat - ter where I sail,

OUTWARD BOUND. Concluded.

45

rit.

I on - ly know they out - ward go, While all the winds are fair, While all the winds are fair.

These fol - low still, at love's sweet will, What - ev - er may be - tide, What - ev - er may be - tide.

Or watch will keep, o'er sur - ges deep, If there a grave be made, If there a grave be made.

So I but know, wher - e'er - I go, Thy watch will nev - er fail, Thy watch will nev - er fail.

COME, FOLLOW ME MERRILY. Round.

E. NELHAN. 1667.

1.

2.

Come, fol - low me mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, friends; Come, fol - low me mer - ri - ly, oh! And we will sing re, sol,

3.

do, do, sol, do, fa, do, sol, sol, do. Put sol be-fore la, and do af-ter si, Sol, la, si, do, si, la, si, do.

MERRILY SING.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time (indicated by '6/8' in the first measure). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The lyrics are as follows:

1 The beau-ti - ful wa-ter, that's flow-ing so free, Is sure-ly the bev'-rage for you and for me; It bub-hles and flash-es with

2 No wine will we driuk; ver - y well do we know There lurk-eth a mon-ster he -neath its bright glow; The wine with its brillianc-e im-

3 Come, hasten and write down your name on this page; Come, en - ter the ranks and the foe dis - en - gage; No long - er stand halting, but

CHORUS.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time (indicated by '6/8' in the first measure). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The lyrics for the chorus are as follows:

pure, spark-ling light; No chal - ice of poi - son could e'er shine so bright. Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sing,

part - eth a sting: 'Tis wa - ter, cold wa - ter, we mer - ri - ly siug. Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sing,

give us your hand; For grand-ly is march-ing our cold - wa - ter hand. Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sing,

MERRILY SING. Concluded.

47

Wa - ter, cold wa - ter, just brought from the spring; Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sing, Wa - ter, cold wa - ter, just hrought from the spring.

Wa - ter, cold wa - ter, just hrought from the spring; Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sing, Wa - ter, cold wa - ter, just brought from the spring.

OH, COME WITH ME.

FINE.

MOZART.
D.C.

1 { Oh, come with me, Oh, come with me, The sun has left the lea; } The bird whose lay was trilled all day, Is soft - ly float - ing by;

{ The fra - grant flow'r perfumes the bow'r; The breeze is on the sea. }

D. C. Both breeze and flow'r en - joy the hour, And shall not you and I?

2 { The vil - lage bell rings through the dell; Its mu - sic we may hear; } The day is done, and one by one, The stars come in the sky;

{ And in the grove the sounds we love Will greet the list'ning ear. }

D. C. Both breeze and flow'r en - joy the hour, And shall not you and I?

SOFTLY THE DAY IS DECLINING.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1 Soft - ly the day is de - clin - ing, Far in the beau - ti - ful west; Brightly the night star is shin - ing O'er hill and the valley at rest:



2 Calm - ly all na - ture is sleep - ing; Birds in their bowers are still; Soft - ly fair Lu - na is keep - ing Watch over the far-dis-tant hill:



So in re - pose should the spir - it Al - ways rest peaceful and pure; Then His great love we'll in - her - it, Whose promise is faithful and sure.



Thus do the an - gels a - bove us, Watch o'er our slumbers so pure; Whisp'ring of Him who hath loved us, Whose promise is faithful and sure.



MY MOUNTAIN HOME.



1 I love my moun - tain home, Where wild winds love to roam! Where the ey - press vine And the whisp'ring pine A-dorn each granite dome.
 2 Sing not with pride to me Of prai - rie broad and free; Nor of orange groves Where the white swan roves; Nor cottage by the sea.



3 For here the wild flowers sweet, Spring up around my feet; And the lau - rel blows 'Mid the ey - press gloom Of many a sweet re - treat.



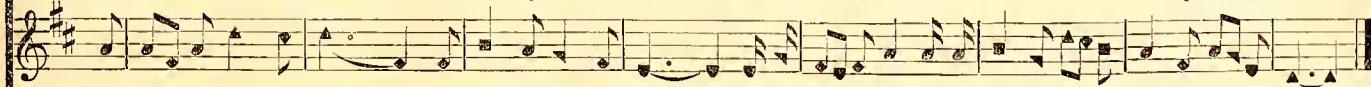
4 'Tis sweet to wan - der here, By foun-tains cool and clear; And talk of love, Where the coo-ing dove A - lone may see and hear.
 5 My moun-tain home for me, Where wild winds wan-der free; With my own true love, Who will nev - er rove: My mountain home for me!



I love my mountain home! I love my mountain home! Where the skies are blue And the heart is true: I love my monntain home!



I love my mountain home! I love my mountain home! Where the skies are blue And the heart is true: I love my mountaiu home!



I love my mountain home! I love my monntain home! Where the skies are blue And the heart is true: I love my mountain home!

MORNING SUNBEAMS.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1 So you're peep-ing o'er the mountains, Bringing in an - o - ther day; Painting rain - bows round the fountains; Making dia -monds of the spray;
 2 You have shone up-on the pla -ces Where my friends and kindred dwell; Looked in ma - ny hap -py fa -ces I would love to see so well;
 3 Speed you ou and chase the darkness That the sky with-in en-shrouds! Teach us how to catch the sun-beams, Tho' they strng -gle through the clouds;



La, la.



Kiss-ing brows of smiling children That have just be-gun their play; Chasing sha - dows o'er the mea-dows; Spreading glad - ness all the way.
 And I hope you've painted ro-ses Where the li - ly did a - bide; Stayed the foot - steps that were hast'ning To the dark and swelling tide.
 How a-mid this world of sadness, Beams of love may gently shine; Till, un - bro - ken by the shadows, We've a pu - rer light than thine.



La, la.



A LUTE, WITH NO ONE TO PLAY IT.

R. S. TAYLOR.

51

From "Giffe's Male Quartette and Chorus Book," by per.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The first two staves begin with a treble clef, while the third staff begins with a bass clef. The music is divided into three sections, each starting with a different line of lyrics. The first section starts with "1 A lute, with no one to play it; A bell, that no - bod - y". The second section starts with "2 A bell . is made but for ring - ing; A lute is on - ly to". The third section starts with "3 To be is not worth the be - ing Till love il - lum - ines the". The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The first staff ends with a repeat sign and a key change to G major. The second staff ends with a repeat sign and a key change to F major. The third staff ends with a repeat sign and a key change to E major. The score concludes with a ritardando mark ("rit.") over the final measures of the third staff.

1 A lute, with no one to play it; A bell, that no - bod - y

2 A bell . is made but for ring - ing; A lute is on - ly to

3 To be is not worth the be - ing Till love il - lum - ines the

rings. A name, with no one to say it; A song, that no - bod - y sings.

play; A song is sweet but in sing - ing; A name , is on - ly to say.

skies; To see is not worth the see - ing . Till love an - oints the eyes.

THE OLD HOME.

By per. J. H. TENNEY.



1 The home and the scenes of our childhood; How thrill-ing their mem'ries to-day, As through the old fields and the



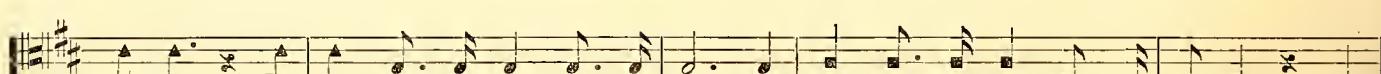
2 The winds of thrice ten ha - zy au-tumns Have blown the seared leaves o'er the hills, The snows of thrice ten pass-ing



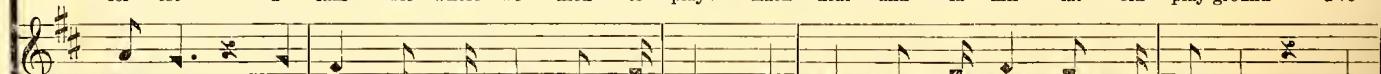
3 The or - chard our fa - ther's hand planted, And cultured with such hope - ful care, Has per - ished like o - ther dear



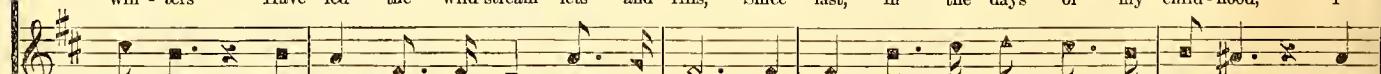
4 I turn from the home, all for-sak-en, And bid it a ling'-ring fare-well; The sight of its scenes, now so



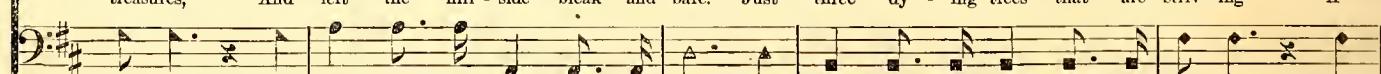
for - est I ram - ble where we used to play! Each dear and fa - mil - iar old play-ground I've



win - ters Have fed the wild stream - lets and rills, Since last, in the days of my child - hood, I



treasures, And left the hill - side bleak and bare. Just three dy - ing trees that are striv - ing A-



fad - ed, My bo - som may nev - er more swell. Hence - forth the im - mu - ta - ble man - sions, And

THE OLD HOME. Concluded.

53

trav - er sed as seek - ing for gold— The years that have rude - ly passed o'er them, Have ta - ken the land - marks of
 bade the old home - stead a - dieu; What chan - ges the years have re - cord - ed! How start - ling and sad the re -
 gainst the de - crees of the years, Are all that re - main now to greet me, And wit - ness my vis - it and
 beau - ti - ful ev - er - green shore, Shall be the glad theme of my jour - ney,— My par - a - dise home ev - er -
 old. The years that have rude - ly passed o'er them, Have ta - ken the land - marks of old.
 view! What chan - ges the years have re - cord - ed! How start - ling and sad the re - view!
 tears. Are all that re - main now to greet me, And wit - ness my vis - it and tears.
 more. Shall be the glad theme of my jour - ney,— My par - a - dise home ev - er - more.

HAPPY WELCOME TO ALL.

JOHN R. SWEENEY.
From "Gems of Praise," by per.

1 Wel - come, wel - come! glad - ly wel - come To the children's ju - bi - lee: (welcome all!) Here we meet with joy to greet you;

2 Wel - come, wel - come! sweet - ly welcome! Songs of joy and beams of light (welcome all!) Gild the gold - en ties of friendship,

3 Wel - come, wel - come! pa - rents, teachers: Free - ly join our songs of glee: (welcome all!) Ban - ish ev' - ry thought of sad - ness;

4 Wel - come, wel - come! sing - ing wel - come! Thanks we raise, O Lord, to thee! (welcome all!) Thou hast kind - ly, gen - tly led us,

Hap - py meet - ing may it be; May our hearts he ov - er - flow * ing, Full of joy - ous mel - o - dy;

Blend - ing all our hearts to - night; Sweet - ly may the strains of mu - sic Fill our minds with thoughts sub - lime;

'Tis the chil - dren's ju - bi - lee. Who may sing if not the chil - dren? Let us join the mer - ry song;

Brought us to our ju - bi - lee. When we come to Jor - dau's riv - er, Gaz - ing on the oth - er shore,

HAPPY WELCOME TO ALL. Concluded.

55

CHORUS.

Each to each our love be show - ing; 'Tis the chil - dren's ju - bi - lee. Wel - come, wel - come, wel - come! yes,

Lift us high - er, make us pn - rer, All our hearts in love com - bine.

Youth - ful hearts may nt - ter prais - es, Glad' - ning e'en the an - gel throng. Wel - come, wel - come, wel - come! yes,

May we find a hear - ty wel - come,—Wel - come where we'll part no more.

wel - come! Happy wel - come to all! yes, to all! Wel - come, wel - come, wel - come! yes, welcome! Happy welcome to all! yes, to all!

wel - come, Hap - py wel - come to all! yes, to all! Wel - come, wel - come, wel - come! yes, wel - come! Happy welcome to all! yes, to all!

When bright stars are shin - ing From out the hlu sky, And ze - phrys moan sad - ly, Whilst pass - ing me by; As

The sweet rose when fa - ded Still leaves a per - fume, Its vel - vet leaves la - ded Spread ov - er its tomb; Thus

Like a lone harp that lin - gers In si - lence a - lone, Touched soft by light fingers, Scarce mur-murs a tone; My

sweet mu - sic peal - ing Floats o - ver the lea, Then o'er me comes steal - ing Sweet mem' ries of thee.

round me will hov - er, In grief or in glee, Till life's dream is o - ver, Sweet mem' ries of thee.

gay heart re - sem - bles That harp light and free, Till o'er its chords trembles Sweet mem' ries of thee.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.



1 Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we hailed at the twi-light's last
2 On the shore dim-ly seen through the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haugh-ty host in dread si-lence re-
3 Oh, thus be it ev-er when free-men shall stand Be-tween their loved homes and the war's des-o-



gleam-ing; Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the per-il-ous fight, O'er the ram-parts we watched were so gal-lant-ly pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep As it fit-ful-ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis-la-tion; Blest with vict-ry and peace, may the heav'n-res-en-ed land Praise the pow'r that has made and preserved us a



stream-ing; And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs burst-ing in air, Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there. clos-es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full glo-ry re-flect-ed, now shines on the stream-na-tion. Then con-quer we must, when our cause it is just; And this be our mot-to, "In God is our trust;"

CHORUS.



Oh, say does that Star-span-gled Ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!



'Tis the Star-span-gled Ban-ner! Oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!



And the Star-span-gled Ban-ner in tri-numph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

A LITTLE FARM WELL TILLED.

1st VOICE.



A lit - tile farm well tilled, A lit - tile cot well filled, A lit - tile wife well willed give me, give me.

2d VOICE.



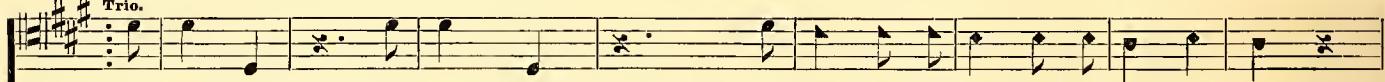
A larg - er farm well tilled, A big - ger house well filled, A tall - er wife well willed give me, give me.

3d VOICE.



I like the farm well tilled, I like a house well filled, But no wife at all give me, give me.

Trio.



A short wife, a short wife, A short wife, a short wife give me, give me,

A tall wife, a tall wife, A tall wife, a tall wife give me, give me, A



No wife at all give me, give me, No wife at all give me, give me,

A LITTLE FARM WELL TILLED. Concluded.

59

After this repeat, sing the first, second and third voices in unison for the ending of the tune.

Musical score for 'A Little Farm Well Tilled'. The score consists of three staves of music in common time, key of G major (two sharps). The vocal parts are: Treble, Alto, and Bass. The lyrics are:

A short wife, a short wife, a short wife, a short wife give me, give me.
 tall wife, a tall wife, a tall wife, a tall wife give me, give me.
 No wife at all, no wife at all give me, give me, No wife at all give me, give me.

THE ECHO.

Musical score for 'The Echo'. The score consists of three staves of music in common time, key of G major (one sharp). The vocal parts are: Treble, Alto, and Bass. The dynamics are indicated above the staff: *f*, *pp*, *f*, *pp*.

The lyrics are:

- 1 Oh, hark! oh, hear! How soft and clear The ech-o's mel-low strain! O Ech-o, hear! O Ech-o, hear! Re-ply a-gain, a-gain, a-gain, a-gain.
- 2 The gen-tle breeze a-mong the trees The ech-o wafts a-long; We call a-gain, We call again, Oh, hear our song, our song, our song, our song.
- 3 The mu-sic floats In soft-est notes Up-on the zephyr's wing; Oh, hear the song! Oh, hear the song! A-gain we sing, we sing, we sing, we sing.

FAREWELL TO THE FOREST.

MENDELSSOHN.

p Andante non lento.

1 O for - est deep and gloom - y, O wood-land vale and hill, Of all my joys and sor - rows The gen - tle wit - ness

2 The for - est soft - ly whis - pers In tones of truth - ful might; It speaks of earn - est du - ty,— Of what is wrong and

3 The tran - quil glades now leav - ing, To dis - tant lands I roam, Life's anx - ious toil pur - su - ing, 'Mid stran - gers seek a

*cres.**f**pp*

still; When sick of world - - ly pleas - ures, Leav - ing the bn - sy town, I seek thy qui - et

right. I lis - ten to its teach - ing With pa - tient, hum - ble ear; To me the bean - teous

home. Though far from hence re - pin - ing, Thrown 'mong the world - lings cold, Fond mem - ry still shall

Though far from hence re - pin - ing,

FAREWELL TO THE FOREST. Concluded. *dim.*

61

sha - dows; And wea - ry, lay me down; I seek thy qui - et sha - dows, And, wea - ry, lay me down.

lan - guage Shall be for-ev - er dear; To me the beau - teous lan - guage Shall he for-ev - er dear,

charm me, My heart shall ne'er grow old; Fond mem' - ry still shall charm me, My heart shall ne'er grow old.

charm me, Fond mem' - ry still shall charm me, My heart shall ne'er grow old.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.
First Tenor.

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT. Quartette for Male Voices.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 Stars of the sum - mer night! Far in your a - zure deeps Hide, hide your gold - en light; She sleeps! my la - dy sleeps! She sleeps! my la - dy sleeps!

Second Tenor.

2 Moon of the sum - mer night! Far down yon west - ern steeps Sink, sink in si - lent light; She sleeps! my la - dy sleeps! She sleeps! my la - dy sleeps!

First Base.

3 Dreams of the sum - mer night! Tell her her lov - er keeps Watch while, in slum-bers light, She sleeps! my la - dy sleeps! She sleeps! my la - dy sleeps!

Second Base.

THE TOPER'S SONG.

J. H. ROSECRAWS.
From "Rosecrans' Lightning Music Reader," by per.



1 I once had a hat with a brim and crown, And it fit - ted nice - ly, too; But up went the brim, and the
 2 I once had a coat that was new and bright, And as good as one could need; But now it presents but a
 3 My wife was as gay as a but - ter - fly, There was scarce one such in ten; But I oft did give her a



crown came down, And the rest is all a - skew; And what is the cause? now I seenu to hear, De
 sor - ry sight, It has gone, you see, to seed; And what is the cause? you will doubt - ful think, De
 big black eye, And she isn't so gay as then; And what is the cause? you of me will ask, De



THE TOPER'S SONG. Concluded.

63

THE TOPER'S SONG. Concluded. (Continuation)

Key: G major (2 sharps). Time signature: Common time (indicated by a 'C').

Notes:

- Top staff: Treble clef, 2 sharps. Measures show various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes.
- Middle staff: Bass clef, 2 sharps. Measures show eighth and sixteenth notes.
- Bottom staff: Bass clef, 2 sharps. Measures show eighth and sixteenth notes.

Text:

dum, de-dum, de-dum, A-las! it was drinking too much of heer, De-dum, de-dum, de-dum.
 dum, de-dum, de-dum, A-las! for the fun that there is in drink, De-dum, de-dum, de-dum.
 dum, de-dum, de-dum, A-las! 'twas the use of my whisk-y flask, De-dum, de-dum, de-dum.

CHORUS.

Key: G major (2 sharps). Time signature: Common time (indicated by a 'C').

Notes:

- Top staff: Treble clef, 2 sharps. Measures show eighth and sixteenth notes.
- Middle staff: Bass clef, 2 sharps. Measures show eighth and sixteenth notes.
- Bottom staff: Bass clef, 2 sharps. Measures show eighth and sixteenth notes.

Text:

'Tis the fortune of the sot! Then, the hahit, ill begot, Quit for-ev-er on the spot!
 quit it! Quit forev-er on the spot!

quit it!

'Tis the fortune of the sot! Then, the hahit, ill begot, Quit for-ev-er on the spot! Quittit!
 Quit forev-er on the spot!

quit it!

First Tenor, or Soprano.



1 Brightly now the moon is beam-ing O - ver moun-tain, tow'r and tree; And the lights of heav'n are streaming, Lines of gold up on the sea;

Second Tenor, or Tenor.



2 They have gone beyond earth's weeping; They have fled from sin and care; They are safe in angels' keep-ing, Where the skies are ev - er fair;

Baritone, or Alto.



3 Far a-way, and yet so near us, An - gel bands of light and love; They can watch and they can hear us, As thro' earth's dark vales we rove;

Bass.



4 Beams the moon-light on the mountain, Gleams the star-light on the sea; And the wil-low shades the fountain, And the zeph - yr woos the lea;



All the night is hushed and ho - ly, Round a - bout earth's mor - tal shore; And my spir - - it, bend - ing



I shall meet them at the por - tal In that glo - rious by - and - by, Meet and greet each bright im-



Oft they come on snow - y pin - ions Breathing words that Faith can hear; Tell - ing of those bright do-



But my wea - ry spir - it pon - ders On the glo - ries far a - way, And on Faith's white pin - ions

* If sung by mixed voices the Soprano will take First Tenor, Alto take Baritone, and Tenor take Second Tenor part.

BRIGHTLY NOW THE MOON IS BEAMING. Concluded.

65

low - ly, Dreams of hap - py days of yore; Dreams of fa - - ces fair and ho - ly I shall see on earth no more.

mor - tal In that glo - ry land on high, Greet them at the shin - ing por - tals, Where no joy can ev - er die.

min - ions, Free from care or doubt or fear; E - ven now I hear their pin ions, In the still-ness, rust - ling near.

wan - ders To the realms of end - less day; Sad - ly dreams and mute - ly pon - ders On the land so far a - way.

MERTON.

T. W. DENNINGTON.

1 O Thou, whose mer - ey guides my way, Though now it seems se - vere; For - bid my un - be - lief to say There is no mer - ey here.

2 Oh, grant me to de - sire the pain That comes in kind - ness down, More than the world's al - lur - ing gain Sue-ceed-ed by a frown.

3 Then, though thou bend my spir - it low, Love on - ly shall I see; The ve - ry hand that strikes me low Was wounded once for me.

WINTER.

FRANZ ABT, Arr. by E. O. L.
From "School Room Songs," by per.

1 Win - ter's storms are roar - ing; Fierce - ly blows the gale; While from skies outpouring Come the snow and hail. O'er the bar - ren meadows,

2 But the ice-bound riv - er Spring will free a - gain; Field and wood will quiver Fresh with leaf and grain; And the mod - est flow - ers

3 Then while fires burn brightly Through the hap - py day, And the snow falls lightly, We will all be gay; Sigh we not for pleas - ures

Through the lone - ly dell, And o'er monntains, shadows Cast their mag - ic spell, And o'er mountains, shadows Cast their mag - ic spell.

Blush a - long our way, Waked by A - pril's show - ers, Kiss'd by sun - ny May. Waked by A - pril's showers, Kiss'd by sun - ny May.

Known in sun - ny clime; Naught bnt joy - ous measures To our hearts keep time, Naught bnt joy - ous measures To our hearts keep time.

EVA L. EMERY.
Earnestly.

THE SIXTY THOUSAND.

GEORGE BAKER.

67



1 In this land of boast-ed free-dom, In this kingdom of the brave, Si - lently a spec-tral arm - y March-es onward to the grave.



2 Hark! a-gain that sound of wail-ing Borne a-long the mid-night air: 'Tis the cry of heip-less orphans: 'Tis the wid-ow in de-spair!



3 Dost thou see those erim - son ban-ners, As they flut - ter o'er the host? Dost thou hear that dirge re - sounding, Like the death-wail of the lost?



4 Well thou knowest, then, the sto - ry: Then thou knowest well the woe, And the shad-ows of dis - hon - or That enshroud them as they go!



Hark! I hear their muffled footsteps, Like a dis - tant, dis - tant knell, As our six - ty thousand drunkards Tread the path that leads to hell.



Still the sound is ever steady, Tramping, tramp - ing through the gloom, Pass our six - ty thousand drunkards To the shadows of the tomb.



Dost thou see that tyrant captain, As he leads his tat - tered band? Leads the six - ty thousand drunkards, Grim and ghost-ly, through the land?



And against the wily Tempter, Let thy prayer with mine a - rise: When, O God, shall end his con - quest? When shall cease the sac - ri - fice?

CHILDHOOD DAYS.

By per. E. A. GLENN.



Ah! sweet days of child-hood, with pleas-ure I dwell On the
How oft I re-call you O fair gold-en day, In my
A-way in the fu-ture those days shall a-rise, Then a-



CHILDHOOD DAYS. Concluded.

69

scenes that time can nev - er fade, And down in the depth of my heart's deep - est cell, I treas - ure the im - press you made.
 dreams I of - ten can re - view, Thos dear ten - der to - kens that now melt a - way, And give place to ones that are new.
 gain their mu - sic I shall hear; For - ev - er to dwell in the sweet Par - a-dise, And win to me pleasures so dear.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics for the first section are:

scenes that time can nev - er fade, And down in the depth of my heart's deep - est cell, I treas - ure the im - press you made.
 dreams I of - ten can re - view, Thos dear ten - der to - kens that now melt a - way, And give place to ones that are new.
 gain their mu - sic I shall hear; For - ev - er to dwell in the sweet Par - a-dise, And win to me pleasures so dear.

Oh, happy, happy days of my child-hood! I never, never can for - get How I once loved to wander in the wildwood; Still linger with a fond re-gret.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics for the second section are:

Oh, happy, happy days of my child-hood! I never, never can for - get How I once loved to wander in the wildwood; Still linger with a fond re-gret.

Oh, happy, happy days of my child-hood! I never, never can for - get How I once loved to wander in the wildwood; Still linger with a fond re-gret.

Oh, happy, happy days of my child-hood! I never, never can for - get How I once loved to wander in the wildwood; Still linger with a fond re-gret.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Arr. from SPOHRE.

1 Good - night! good - night! All our la - hor now is done; Day - light sweet - ly round is clos - ing,

2 Now to rest! Now to rest! Let the wea - ry eye - lids close; Sleep on ev' - ry eye is ly - ing,

3 Rest in peace! Rest in peace! Till the morn - ing gay - ly breaks; Till the day its cares re - new - ing,

Bu - sny hands and heads re - pos - ing, Till to - mor-row's ris - ing sun. Good - night! good - night!

While the whip-poor - will is cry - ing; All in - vit - ing to re - pose. Good-night! Good-night!

Calls us to be up and do - ing! Rest in peace, thy Fa - ther wakes. Good-night! Good-night!

COME HOME.

By per. J. H. TENNEY.

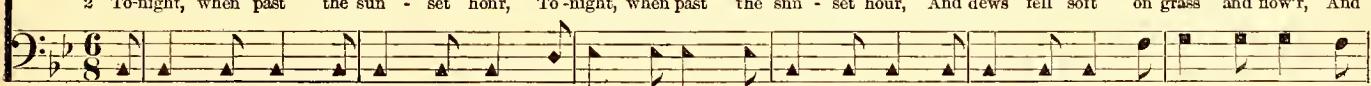
71



1 Come home, come home from o'er the sea! Come home, come home from o'er the sea! We wait, we sigh, we pray for thee; We



2 To-night, when past the sun - set hour, To-night, when past the sun - set hour, And dews fell soft on grass and flow'r, And



pray . . . for thee; . . . In for- eign climes . . . no long- er roam, . . . Our
grass . . . and flower . . . A wild . . . bird came . . . and furled . . . her wing . . . On

wait, we sigh, we pray for thee; In for - eign climes no long - er roam, In for - eign climes no long - er roam, Our

dews fell soft on grass and flow'r, A wild bird came and furled her wing, A wild bird came and furled her wing On



COME HOME. Continued.

hearts . . . all ery . . . "Come home, . . . come home!" . . . For twice her sheaf hath au - tumn hound, The
thy . . . lone hower, . . . her hymn . . . to sing . . . The earth was calm, the heav'ns were fair, While

hearts all ery, "Come home, eome home!" Our hearts all cry, "Come home, come home!" For twice her sheaf hath au - tumn hound, The
thy lone hower, her hymn to sing, On thy lone hower, her hymn to sing. The earth was calm, the heav'ns were fair, While

winter snow twice wrapped the ground, The spring hath bloomed, the summers shone In glo - rious robes since thou art gone. A - gain . . . the
hal - my in - cense filled the air; All na - ture seemed on hend-ed knee, And to her God we kneeled for thee. We asked . . . his

win-ter snow twiee wrapped the ground, The spring hath hloomed, the summers shone In glorions robes since thou art gone. A - gain the summer's
bal - my in - cense filled the air; All na - ture seemed on hend - ed knee, And to her God we kneeled for thee. We asked his an - gel

COME HOME. Concluded.

73

sum- . . . mer's eve- . . . ning breeze . . . Comes murm'- . . . ring through . . . the rust- . . . ling trees; . . . Her
an- . . . gel guard . . . to keep . . . Thy way . . . a - cross . . . the roll- . . . ing deep; . . . Through
eve-ning breeze, A - gain the sum-mer's eve-ning breeze Comes murm'ring through the rustling trees, Comes murm'ring through the rust-ling trees; Her
guard to keep, We asked his an - gel guard to keep, Thy way a-cross the roll - ing deep, Thy way a - cross the roll - ing deep; Through

moon . . . heams bright on spire . . . and dome, And our . . . own roof: . . . Come home! . . . come home!
bill'- . . . wy wilds, 'mid surge . . . and foam, To hold . . . thee safe: . . . Come home! . . . come home!
moon heams bright on spire and dome, Her moon beams bright on spire and dome,
hill'wy wilds,'mid surge and foam,Through bill'wy wilds,'mid surge and foam,
And our own roof: Come home ! come home ! come home !
To hold thee safe: Come home ! come home ! come home !

TURN AWAY FROM WINE.

By per. R. A. GLENN.

1 Oh, turn a-way
 2 While purer joys
 3 That fiend will draw

from sparkling wine,
 are found at home,
 its vic-tims in,

Nor dare to touch
 And hap-pier hearts
 And on them bring

the fa - tal cup;
 are heat-ing there,
 much un - told woe:

1 Oh, turn a-way . . . from the sparkling wine, . . . Nor dare to touch . . . the fa - tal cup; . . . Formany a
 2 While pu - rer joys . . . may be found at home . . . When hap - py hearts . . . are beating there, . . . Beware! there's
 3 That fiend is draw- . . . ing its victims in, . . . And on them bring- . . . ing uu - told woe: . . . Be warned, and

For many a life
 Beware! there's death
 Be warued, and shun

as bright as thine
 in drops that foam!
 the fear - ful sin,

Strong drink has robbed
 A - void the temp-
 Or it may quick-

of ev' - ry hope.
 ter's fa - tal snare.
 ly draw you in.

life . . . that was bright as
 death . . . in the drops that
 shun . . . while you may the
 thine . . . foam!
 sin, . . . Or it may quick-

Strong drink has
 robbed . . . of ev' - ry hope.
 A - void the
 temp- . . . ter's fa - tal snare.
 Or it may quick- . . . ly draw you in.

TURN AWAY FROM WINE. Concluded.

75

Oh, turn a-way, oh, turn a-way From the bright and sparkling wine! It's caused so man - y hopes to fade That once were bright as thine.

Oh, turn a-way, oh, turn a-way From the bright and spark-ling wine! It's caused so man - y hopes to fade That once were bright as thine.

Oh, turn a-way, oh, turn a-way From the bright and spark-ling wine! It's caused so man - y hopes to fade That once were bright as thine.

MOORMAN.

W. E. BURNETT.

Boldly.

1 Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gos - pel ar - mor on; March to the gates of end-less joy, Where Je-sus, thy great Captain's gone.

2 Then let my soul march boldly on; Press forward to the heavenly gate; There peace and joy e - ter-nal reign, And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

3 There shall I wear a star - ry crown, And tri-umph in al - migh - ty grace; While all the ar - mies of the skies Join in my glo - rious Leader's praise.

CHIME AGAIN.

GEORGE BAKER.

Andante.

1 Chime a - gain, chime a - gain, beau - ti - ful - bells! Now your soft mel - o - dy floats on the wind,

2 Chime a - gain, chime a - gain, beau - ti - ful bells! Lin - ger a - while o'er the deep, dus - ky bay;

Burst - ing at in - ter - vals o - ver the souls, Leav - ing a train of re - flec - tion be - hind; An - swer - ing

Faint - er and faint - er your mel - o - dy swells; Fast fades the land and your sound dies a - way; Now the cold

CHIME AGAIN. Concluded.

77

echoes that ga - ther a - round, Call from the heart ev' - ry wish that is dear;

lamp of night sil - vers the deep; On sails the bark from this hap - py shore,

Voi - ces of friend-ship still ring in each sound, Bidd - ing me wel - come that chime with a tear.

Lone - ly I'm left on the wa - ters to weep, Chimes of those heau - ti - ful hells to de - plore.

ROWING AGAINST THE TIDE.

J. H. ROSECRANS.
From "Shining Light," by per.

1 It is ea - sy to glide with its rip-ples, A - down the Stream of Time, To flow with the course of the riv-er, Like
 2 We may float on the riv - er's sur-face While our oars scarce touch the stream; And vis - ions of earth-ly glo-ry On our

3 But a few—ah, would there were ma-ny!— Row up the Stream of Life: They strug-gle a-against its surg - es, And

4 Far on through the ba - zy dis-tance, Like a mist on dis - tant shore, They see the walls of a cit - y, With its
 5 And shall we be one of that num-ber Who mind not toil nor pain? Shall we moan the loss of earth's joys When we

mu - sie to some old rhyme, Bnt, ah! it takes cour-age and pa-tience A - gainst its eur - rent to ride; And we
 daz - zled sight may gleam. We for - get that on be - fore us The dash - ing tor - rents roar; And

mind nei - ther toil nor strife. Though wea - ry and faint with la-hor, With sing - ing tri-umph-ant they ride; For

ban - ners float - ing o'er. Seen through a glass so dark-ly They al - most mis - take their way; Bnt
 have a crown to gain? Or shall we glide on with the riv - er, With death at the end of our ride? While our

ROWING AGAINST THE TIDE. Concluded.

79

must have strength from Heav-en When row - ing a-gainst the tide. It is ea - sy to glide with its rip-ples, A-
while we are i - dly dream-ing, Its wa-ters will ear-ry us o'er.

Christ is the he - ro's Cap-tain When row - ing a-gainst the tide. It is ea - sy to glide with its rip-ples, A-

faith throws light on their la-bor When dark - ness shuts out the day. It is ea - sy to glide with its rip-ples, A-
bro - ther with heav - en be-fore him, Is row - ing a-gainst the tide.

down the "Stream of Time,"— To flow with the course of the riv - er, Like mu - sie to some old rhyme.

down the "Stream of Time,"— To flow with the course of the riv - er, Like mu - sie to some old rhyme.

down the "Stream of Time,"— To flow with the course of the riv - er, Like mu - sie to some old rhyme.

SLUMBER, DARLING. Serenade.

Arr. by A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 Slumber, dear-est, while a-bove thee Angel eyes are bend-ing now, And their starry pin-ions waving Lightly fan thy pla - eid hrow; All is hushed and

2 Deeper now the midnight shadows Gather in the val - ley fair; Softly through the lattice stealing Comes the cool refreshing air; Till the ro - sy

still a-round thee, While my lonely watch I keep; Thou art dreaming, sweetly dreaming; Sleep on, darling, peaceful be thy sleep; Peaceful be thy sleep.

light of morning Spangles o'er the crystal deep; Till the hirds their songs a - wak-en, Sleep on, darling, peaceful be thy sleep; Peaeeful be thy sleep.

SONG OF SPRING.

By per. J. H. TENNEY.

The earth is clothed in gay attire,
Our hearts to God in heav'n we'll raise,
And na - ture strikes In songs of sweet
her sweet-est lyre;
and joy - ful lays:

The earth is clothed . . . in gay at - tire . . . And na - ture strikes . . . her sweetest lyre;
Our hearts to God . . . in heav'n we'll raise, . . . In songs of sweet . . . aud joy - ful lays:
We'll

The birds are sing - ing, sing - ing, The air is ring - ing, ring - ing,
We'll join our voi - ces, voi - ces, While earth in praise re - joi - ces,
With mu - sic sweet and shrill,
And heav'n and na - ture sing,
shril.
sing.

birds
join
are sing - ing, The air
our voi - ces, is ring - ing,
While earth re - joi - ces,
With mu - sic, mu - sic sweet and shrill,
And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing,
shril.
sing.

J The birds are sing-ing,
We'll join our voices,
The air is ringing With
While earth re - joi - ces, And
mu - sic sweet and shrill,
heav'n and na - ture sing,
shril.
sing.

SONG OF SPRING. Continued.

Glad voi - ces sound-ing, The ech - o re-bound-ing, From ev' - ry vale and hill, From ev' - ry vale and hill,
 And swell the cho - ral Of prais-es im - mor - tal, To God, th'e-ter - nal King, To God, th'e - ter - nal King.

Glad voi - ces sound-ing, The ech - o re-bound-ing, The ech - o re-bound-ing, From im - mor - tal To
 And swell the cho - ral Of prais-es im - mor - tal,

The ech - o re-bound-ing, From ev' - ry vale and hill, The ech - o re-bound-ing, From
 Of prais-es im - mor - tal, To God, th'e-ter - nal King, To God, th'e - ter - nal King,

The ech - o re-bound-ing, From ev' - ry vale and hill, From
 Of prais-es im - mor - tal, To God, th'e-ter - nal King, To

ev' - ry vale and hill, From ev' - ry vale and hill, From
 God, th'e-ter - nal King, To God, th'e-ter - nal King, To

SONG OF SPRING. Concluded.

83

ev'-
God,
ry vale and hill, The ech - o
th'e-ter - nal King, Sing prais-es
re - bound-ing, The ech - o
im - mor - tal, Sing prais-es
re - bound-ing, From ev' - ry vale, from ev' - ry hill, From
im - mor - tal, To God, th'e-ter - nal King; to God, To

ev' -
God, th'e-ter - nal King,
ry vale and hill,
Sing prais-es
re - bound-ing, The ech - o
im - mor - tal, Sing prais-es
re - bound-ing, From ev' - ry vale, From ev' - ry hill, From
im - mor - tal, To God, th'e-ter - nal King, to God, To

ev' -
God, th'e - ter - nal
ry vale and hill, From ev' - . . .
th'e - ter - nal King, To God, . . .
ry vale and hill, From ev' - . . .
th'e - ter - nal King, To God, . . .
ry vale and hill.
ev' -
God, th'e - ter - nal
ry vale and hill, From ev' - . . .
th'e - ter - nal King, To God, . . .
ry vale and hill.

LET THE HILLS RESOUND.

BRINLEY RICHARDS.

Molto animato.

Let the hills re-sound with song, As we proud - ly march a - long; For, as of old our sires were bold, Stout hearts have we!

Let the hills re-sound with song, As we proud - ly march a - long; For, as of old our sires were bold, Stout hearts have we!

While Cam-bria's mountains stand Like the ram - parts of the land, Un-fetter-ed as the winds are her chil - dren free.

While Cam-bria's mountains stand Like the ram - parts of the land, Un-fetter-ed as the winds are her chil - dren free.

LET THE HILLS RESOUND. Continued.

85

LET THE HILLS RESOUND. Continued.

hills re-sound with song, As we proud - ly march a - long; For, as of old our sires were bold, Stout hearts have we! While

hills re-sound with song, As we proud - ly march a - long; For, as of old our sires were bold, Stout hearts have we! While

Cam-bria's mountains stand Like the ram - parts of the land, Un - fet - tered as the winds are her chil - dren free.

Cam-bria's mountains stand Like the ram - parts of the land, Un - fet - tered as the winds are her chil - dren free.

LET THE HILLS RESOUND Continued.

87

pp

Land of home, my land of home, my land of home, My land of home in dreams I see, And thy hearth-fires rise, And

pp

p

cres.

cres. f

Land of my home, Tender thoughts will come, When thy hap-py val - leys in dreams I see, And thy hearth fires rise, And

pp.

Land of home, my land of home, my land of home, My land of home in dreams I see, And thy hearth-fires rise, And

pp dolce.

cres.

blue as skies, Eyes of the dear ones are turned on me; Fair flow thy streams, And in sun-lit gleams, Break up - on the stones of a

pp

hue as skies, Eyes of the dear ones are turned on me, Land of home, my land of home, my land of home, My land of home, my

pp dolce.

cres.

hue as skies, Eyes of the dear ones are turned on me. *pp.* Fair flow thy streams, And in sun-lit gleams, Break up-on the stones of a

blue as skies, Eyes of the dear ones are turned on me. Land of home, my land of home, my land of home, My land of home, my

LET THE HILLS RESOUND. Continued.

milk - white strand; And, as soft haze fills the range of hills, Fond prayers a - rise for my own loved land.

land of home; And, as soft haze fills the range of hills, Fond prayers a - rise for my own loved land.

milk - white strand; And, as soft haze fills the range of hills, Fond prayers a - rise for my own loved land.

land of home; And as soft haze fills the range of hills, Fond prayers a - rise for my own loved land.

The hills re-sound with song, As we proud-ly march a - long; For, as of old our sires were bold, Stout hearts have we! While

The hills re-sound with song, As we proud - ly march a - long; For, as of old our sires were bold, Stout hearts have we; While

f

The hills re-sound with song, As we proud - ly march a - long; For, as of old our sires were bold, Stout hearts have we; While

The hills re-sound with song, As we proud - ly march a - long; For, as of old our sires were bold, Stout hearts have we; While

LET THE HILLS RESOUND. Concluded.

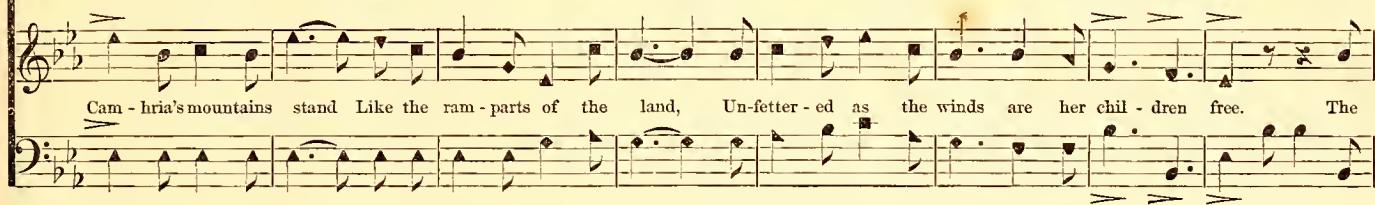
89



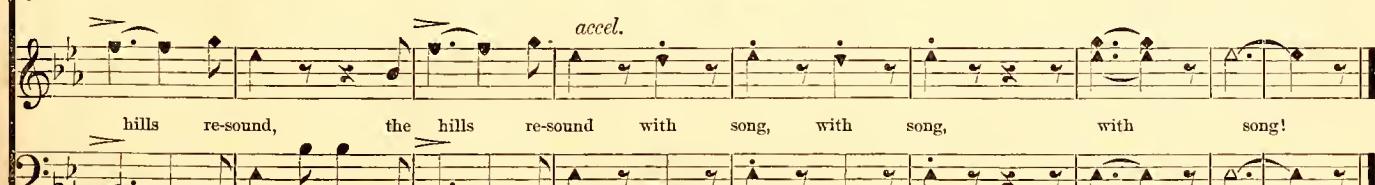
Cam-hria's mountains stand Like the ram-parts of the land, Un-fetter-ed as the winds are her chil-dren free. The hills, the



Cam-hria's mountains stand Like the ram-parts of the land, Un-fetter-ed as the winds are her chil-dren free. The



hills re-sound with song, the hills re-sound, the hills re-sound, the hills re-sound with song!



THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

NATIONAL AIR OF THE PRUSSIANS.

The musical score consists of six staves of music in common time, featuring a mix of treble and bass clefs. The key signature varies between G major, A major, and C major. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the staves. The first three staves contain three stanzas of lyrics, while the remaining three staves contain two stanzas each, followed by a final concluding phrase.

1 A voice re-sounds like thun - der-peal, 'Mid dash - ing waves and clang of steel: The Rhine, the Rhine, the Ger - man
 2 They stand a hun - dred thou - sand strong, Quick to a - venge their coun - try's wrong, With fil - ial love their bos - oms
 3 And though in death our hopes de - cay, The Rhine will own no for - eign sway; For rich with wa - ter as its
 Rhine! The German Rhine! Who guards to-day my stream di - vine? Dear Fa - ther-land! No dan - ger thine, Dear Fa - ther-land! No
 swell, their bosoms swell, They'll guard the sa - cred land-mark well! Dear Fa - ther-land, No dan - ger thine, Dear Fa - ther-land, No
 flood, rich as its flood, Is Ger - ma - ny with he - ro blood; Dear Fa - ther-land! No dan - ger thine, Dear Fa - ther-land! No

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE. Concluded.

91

dan - ger thine, Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine, Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine.

dan - ger thine, Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine, Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine.

dan - ger thine, Firm stand thy sons to watch, To watch the Rhine, Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine.

HOW SWEET TO BE ROAMING. Round.

1.

How sweet to he roam - ing, When sum - mer is bloom - ing, Thro' wood - land and grove, Through wood - land and grove.

2.

How sweet to he roam - ing, When sum - mer is bloom - ing, Thro' wood - land and grove, Through wood - land and grove.

3.

How sweet, how sweet, How sweet to be roam - ing, When sum - mer is bloom-ing, Thro' wood - land and grove.

VESPER SONG. Quartette.

E. O. L.
From "School Room Songs," by per.

1 Slow fades the eve-ning light, Soft falls the dew; Faint - ly the stars of night Glim - mer to view.

2 Earth, like a wea-ry one, Sinks to re-pose. Cool comes the Zephyr on, Shutting the rose.

3 Bells on the val - ley side Tink-le and cease; Dark-er the sha - dows glide, All is at peace.

REFRAIN.

Bring, O Thou Ho-ly One, Peace to my heart!

Gentle and mer-ci-ful, Thou who wast crucified, Bring, O Thou Ho-ly One, Peace to my heart, Bring, O Thou Holy One, Peace to my heart!
rit. pp

Gentle and mer-ci-ful, Thou who wast crucified, Bring, O Thou Ho-ly One, Peace to my heart, Bring, O Thou Holy One, Peace to my heart!

SLUMBER, DEAREST. Solo, Duet and Quartette.

J. H. TENNEY.

93

SOLO.



1 Slumber, dear-est, while a-bove thee An - gel eyes are bend-ing now, And their star- ry pin-ions wav-ing, Light-ly fan thy pla - cid brow.
 2 Deep-er now the mid-night sha-dows Gath-er in the val - ley fair; Soft - ly through thy lat - tice steal-ing Comes the cool, re - freshing air:

INST.



DUET.

QUARTETTE.

All is hushed and still around thee, While my lone-ly watch I keep; Thou art dream-ing, sweet-ly dream-ing: Sleep on, darling: peace - ful be thy sleep.



Till the ro - sy light of morn-ing, Spangles o'er the crys-tal deep; Till the birds their songs a-wak-en, Sleep on, dar - ling: peace-ful be thy sleep.



COME WITH THY LUTE.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Come with thy lute to the foun - tain, Sing me a song of the moun - tain, Sing of the hap - py and

2 Come where the zephyrs are stray - ing, Where, 'mid the flow - er buds play - ing, Ram - bles the blithe sum-mer

free; Then, while the ray is de - clin - ing, While its last ro - ses are shin - ing,

bee; Let the lone churl in his sor - row; He, who de - spairs of the mor - row;

COME WITH THY LUTE.

95

rit.

Sweet shall our mel - o - dies be; Un - der the hroad lin - den-tree, Un - der the hroad lin - den-tree.

rit.

Far to his sol - i - tude flee, Un - der the dark ey - press-tree, Un - der the dark ey - press-tree.

AMBOY.

FINE.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.
D.C.

1 { Wake the song of ju - bi - lee, Let it ech - o o'er the sea! } 2 All ye na - tions, join and sing, Christ of lords and kings, is King.
Now is come the promis'd hour, Je-sus reigns with sovereign pow'r!
D.C.—Let it sound from shore to shore, Je - sus reigns for - ev - er-more!

FINE.

D.C.

3 { Now the des - ertlands re - joice, And the is-lands join their voice; } 4 Wake the song of Ju - bi - lee! Let it ech - o o'er the sea!
Yea, the whole ere - a - tion sings, "Je-sus is the King of kings!"
D.C.—Let it sound from shore to shore, Je - sus reigns for - ev - er-more.

THE SUNBEAMS ARE GLANCING.

J. H. TENNEY.



1 { The sun - beams are glanc - ing o'er for - est and moun - tain, The hill tops are tinged with the last fee - ble ray; }
 Let's dip in the stream of the bright, flow - ing foun - tain, And steal its sweet vio - lets and li - lies a - way.



2 { Let's go to the peak where the last sun-beams lin - ger, And gaze on the day - god as calm - ly he sinks; }
 The lau - rel we'll wreath with our own fai - ry fin - gers, And rob the night-shade of - the dew that it drinks.



The wild rose and myr - tie their soft leaves are clos - ing, The cow - slip is catch - ing the dew in its bell;



Let's go to the val - ley where dark - ness is wreath - ing, And mock the cool stream as it mur - murs a - long:



THE SUNBEAMS ARE GLANCING. Concluded.

97

The ring-dove and thrush in their nests are re - pos - ing, And young leaves are sigh - ing to day - light fare - well.

Let's count the wild-flow - ers whose o - dors are breath - ing, And make hill and val - ley re - ech - o our song.

JEWEL.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

1 Christ, of all my hopes the ground, Christ, the spring of all my joy! Still in thee let me be found! Still for thee my pray'r's em - ploy.

2 Fount-ain of o'er-flow-ing grace! Free-ly from thy full-ness give; Till I close my earth - ly race, Be it "Christ for me to live."

3 Firm - ly trust-ing in thy blood, Noth-ing shall my breast confound; Safe-ly I shall pass the flood, Safe - ly reach Im - man-uel's ground.

Thus, oh, thus an entrance give To the land of cloud-less sky; Hav - ing known it "Christ to live," Let me know it "gain to die."

L

SLUMBER ON.

WM. B. BLAKE.

dim.
>) followed by a piano dynamic (pp). Measures 2-3 show a continuation of the melody with a piano dynamic (pp) in measure 3. Measures 4-5 show a continuation of the melody with a piano dynamic (pp) in measure 5. Measures 6-7 show a continuation of the melody with a piano dynamic (pp) in measure 7. Measures 8-9 show a continuation of the melody with a piano dynamic (pp) in measure 9. Measures 10-11 show a continuation of the melody with a piano dynamic (pp) in measure 11. Measures 12-13 show a continuation of the melody with a piano dynamic (pp) in measure 13. Measures 14-15 show a continuation of the melody with a piano dynamic (pp) in measure 15. Measures 16-17 show a continuation of the melody with a piano dynamic (pp) in measure 17. Measures 18-19 show a continuation of the melody with a piano dynamic (pp) in measure 19. Measures 20-21 show a continuation of the melody with a piano dynamic (pp) in measure 21. Measures 22-23 show a continuation of the melody with a piano dynamic (pp) in measure 23. Measures 24-25 show a continuation of the melody with a piano dynamic (pp) in measure 25. Measures 26-27 show a continuation of the melody with a piano dynamic (pp) in measure 27. Measures 28-29 show a continuation of the melody with a piano dynamic (pp) in measure 29. Measures 30-31 show a continuation of the melody with a piano dynamic (pp) in measure 31. Measures 32-33 show a continuation of the melody with a piano dynamic (pp) in measure 33. Measures 34-35 show a continuation of the melody with a piano dynamic (pp) in measure 35. Measures 36-37 show a continuation of the melody with a piano dynamic (pp) in measure 37. Measures 38-39 show a continuation of the melody with a piano dynamic (pp) in measure 39. Measures 40-41 show a continuation of the melody with a piano dynamic (pp) in measure 41. Measures 42-43 show a continuation of the melody with a piano dynamic (pp) in measure 43. Measures 44-45 show a continuation of the melody with a piano dynamic (pp) in measure 45."/>

1 A song of the night! A song of the night! Slum - ber on, fair, tranquil spir - it; Slum-ber on, while night-winds roam:

A song of the night! A song of the night! Slum - ber on, the night is pass - ing; Slnm-ber on: Morn-ing will come!

Repeat soft but distinct.

An - gels bend-ing soft - ly o'er thee, Bid thee to dream of heaven and home.

1 Bid thee to dream of heaven and home.
2 Slumber and dream of heaven and home.

Chant we now this part-ing meas-ure: Sleep on and dream of heav-en and home.

1 Bid thee to dream of heav-en and home.
2 Slum-ber and dream of heav-en and home.

1 Bid thee to dream of heaven and home.
2 Slumber and dream of heaven and home.

SUMMER SONG.

By per. J. H. TENNEY.

99

FINE.

1 A-cross the wav-ing fields of grain The shadows fast are fly-ing, And round abont the qui-et plain Th'e-ter-nal hills are ly-ing.

2 The earth had treasures of her own, Held close in si-lent keeping; Till spring renewed the bur-ial stone, And wakened what was sleeping.

3 I sit with folded hands and gaze On all this blessed beau-ty, And think of worldly work and ways, Of faith and love and duty;

D.C.

Sweet bird song rip-ples from the trees, The brook is id-ly flow-ing, And on the soft ca-ress-ing breeze Comes fragrance of the mow-ing.

The summer ri-pens all the land, A-bundant har-vests showing; While fields lie white on ei-ther hand, Al-re-a-dy for the mow-ing.

Of what the tender spring-times mean, And what the A-pril's sow-ing; Of all the waiting time between, Till Au-gust brings the mowing.

SACRED MUSIC.



KIEFFER'S CHANT. L. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

Musical score for Kieffer's Chant, Line of Measure. The music is in common time (indicated by '3' over '2') and consists of two staves. The top staff uses a soprano C-clef, and the bottom staff uses a bass F-clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The melody is primarily composed of eighth and sixteenth notes.

1 Oh, ren - der thanks to God a - bove, The Fountain of e - ter - nal love; Whose mercies firm, thro' a-ges past Hath stood and shall for-ev - er last.

Musical score for Kieffer's Chant, Line of Measure. The music continues in common time (indicated by '3' over '2') with the soprano C-clef and bass F-clef. The key signature changes to no sharps or flats. The melody continues with eighth and sixteenth notes.

2 Who can his migh - ty deeds ex-press? Not on - ly vast, but num - her - less! What mortal el - oquence can raise His trib-ute of im-mor-tal praise?

Musical score for Kieffer's Chant, Line of Measure. The music continues in common time (indicated by '3' over '2') with the soprano C-clef and bass F-clef. The key signature changes back to one sharp (F#). The melody continues with eighth and sixteenth notes.

3 Ex-tend to me that fa - vor, Lord, Thou to thy cho-sen dost af - ford; When thou re-turn'st to set them free, Let thy sal - va-tion vis - it me.

Musical score for Kieffer's Chant, Line of Measure. The music continues in common time (indicated by '3' over '2') with the soprano C-clef and bass F-clef. The key signature changes to no sharps or flats. The melody concludes with eighth and sixteenth notes.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

101

1 What va-rious hin - dran-ces we meet, In com - ing to the mer-cy seat! Yet who that knows the worth of prayer, But wish-es to be of-ten there?

2 Prayer makes the darkned clouds withdraw, Prayer climbs the ladder Ja - cob saw; Gives ex - er - cise to faith and love, Brings every blessing from a-bove.

3 Re-strain-ing prayer, we cease to fight; Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright, And Sa-tan trem- bles when he sees The weak-est sin - ner on his knees.

LEIGHTON. L. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 How blest the righteous when he dies, When sinks a wea-ry soul to rest! How mild-ly beam the clos-ing eyes! How gent-ly heaves th'ex-pir-ing breast!

2 So fades a sum-mer cloud a - way; So sinks the gale when storms are o'er; So gen-tly shuts the eye of day; So dies a wave a - long the shore.

3 A ho - ly qui - et reigns a-round, A calm which life nor death de-stroys; And naught disturbs that peace profound Which his unfettered soul en - joys.

1 O love di-vine, that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear; On thee is cast each earth-born care; We smile at pain while thou art near.

2 Though long the weary way we tread, And sor-row crown each lingering year; No path we shun, no darkness tread, Our hearts still whisp'ring thou art near!

3 On thee we fling our burdening woe, O love di-vine, for ev - er dear; Con-tent to suf-fer while we know, Liv - ing and dy-ing thou art near.

SHOWALTER. L. M.

O. E. POLLOCK.

1 Come, weary souls, with sin dis-tressed, Come, and ac-cept the promised rest; The Saviour's gra-cious call o - bey, And cast your gloomy fears a-way.

2 Op-pressed with sin, a pain-ful load, Oh, come, and spread your woes a-broad; Di - vine eom-passion, mighty love, Will all the pain-ful load re-move.

EUPHRATES. L. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

103

1 When we our wea-ried limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Euphra-tes stream, We wept, with doleful tho'ts oppressed, And Zi-on was our mourn- ful theme.

2 Our harps, that when with joy we sung, Were wont their tuneful parts to bear, With si-lent strings, ne-glected hung On wil-low trees that with-ered there.

3 How shall we tune our voice to sing, Or touch our harps with skillful hands? Shall hymns of joy to God, our King, Be sung by slaves in for - eign lands?

LAUGHLIN. L. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Oh, not my own these ver-dant hills, And fruits and flow'rs, and stream and wood, But his who all with glo- ry fills, Who hought me with his pre - cious blood.

2 Oh, not my own this wondrous frame, Its cu-rious work, its liv - ing soul; But his who for my ran-som came: Slain for my sake, he claims the whole.

3 "Oh, not my own!" I'll soar and sing When' life, with all its toils is o'er, And thou thy tremhling lamb shalt bring Safe home, to wan-der nev - er - more.



1 Come, O my soul, in sa - cred lays Attempt thy great Cre - a-tor's praise: But, oh, what tongue can speak his fame? What verse can reach the lof - ty theme?



2 Enthroned amid the ra-diant spheres, He, glory like a garment wears; To form a robe of light di - vine, Ten thousand suns a-round him shine.

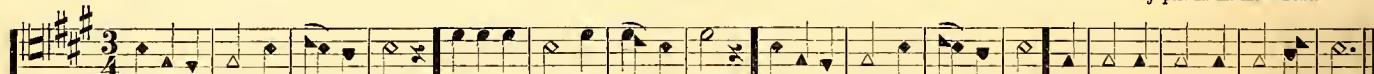


3 Raised on de-vo-tion's lof - ty wing, Do thou, my soul, his glo-ries sing; And let his praise cm-ploy thy tongue Till list'ning worlds shall join the song.



NAUWETA. L. M.

By per. R. M. McINTOSH.



1 Bless, O my soul, the liv-ing God: Call home thy thoughts that rove a-hroad; Let all the pow'rs with-in me join In work and worship so di - vine.



2 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son To die for crimes which thou hast done: He owns the ran-som, and for-gives The honr-ly fol-lies of our lives.



3 Let ev'-ry land his power con-fess; Let all the earth a - dore his grace; My heart and tongue, with raptur-e join In work and wor-ship so di - vine.



1 The rose that bloom'd in beauty dies, As fades the light from summer skies; At gentle evening's peaceful close, When night her mantle o'er us throws.

2 So loved ones round us, day by day, Are fading like the rose a-way; And as the bird that droops and dies, They leave and pass beyond the skies.

3 They go to Je-sus, that dear Friend On whom our hopes of heav'n de-pend; We part, 'tis but to meet a-gain At home be-yond this mor-tal ken.

4 Our sainted friends have gone be-fore; Soon we shall leave this earthly shore To join the saints in sweet ac-cord, And be for-ev-er with the Lord.

COMFORT. L. M.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1 I pon-der oft, while here I stay, Up-on that "hosue not made with hands," And wonder much and sometimes pray For glimpses of the heavenly lands.

2 When wea-ry of earth's bur-dens grown, I long the Fa-ther's face to see, I grasp the prom-i-ses a-lone, For get-ting what's required of me.

3 'Tis then the Com-fort-er makes known All things of which the Master spake, Shows me how weak my faith has grown In those commands I dai-ly break.

M 4 "Let not your heart be troubled," Lo! His peace returns with me to dwell: I won-der that I doubted so The love that do-eth all things dwell.

1 God is the ref - uge of his saints When storms of sharp dis-tress in - vade; Ere we can of - fer our com-plaints, Be-hold him pres-ent with his aid.

2 Loud may the troubled o-cean roar, In sa-cred peace our sonls a-bide; While ev'-ry na-tion, ev'-ry shore Trem-bles and dreads the swelling tide.

3 There is a stream,whose gentle flow Sup-plies the ci - ty of our God; Life, love, and joy still gliding through, And wat'ring our di - vine a - bode.

NORMAL. L. M.

E. O. L.

1 God calling yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasre still shall I hold dear? Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my sonl in slnm-ber lie?

2 God calling yet! and shall he knock, And I my heart the clos-er lock? He still is wait-ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare his Spir - it grieve!

3 God calling yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in hondage live? I wait, but he does not for - sake; He calls me still; my heart, a - wake!

4 God calling yet! I can not stay; My heart I yield without de - lay: Vain world, farewell, from thee I part; The voice of God hath reached my heart.

COOK. L. M.

C. E. POLLOCK.

107

1 From ev'-ry stor-my wind that blows, From ev'-ry swell-ing tide of woes, There is a calm a sure re-treat; 'Tis found before the mer- cy seat.

2 There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend, Tho' sunder'd far, by faith they meet A-round one common mer- cy seat.

3 There, there on eagle's wings we soar, And sin and sense mo-lest no more; And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, While glory crowns the mercy seat.

HERALD. L. M.

T. J. COOK.

1 Ye Christian heralds go, pro-claim, Sal-va-tion in Immanuel's name; To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

2 Triumphant Zi-on, lift thy head From dust, and darkness, and the dead! Tho' humbled long, a-wake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviom's strength.

3 Put all thy beauteous garments on, And let thy excellence be known; Deck'd in the robes of righteousness, Thy glories shall the world con-fess.

1 Oh, turn, great Ru - ler of the skies, Turn from my sin thy searching eyes; Nor let th' of-fen - ces of my hand With-in thy book re-cord-ed stand, Within thy book re-cord-ed stand.

2 Give me a will to thine sub-dued, A conscience pure, a soul re-newed: Nor let me, wrapt in endless gloom, An outcast from thy presence roam, An out-cast from thy presence roam.

3 Oh, let thy Spir-it to my heart Once more its quick'ning aid im-part; My mind from ev'-ry fear re-lease, And soothe my troubled tho'ts to peace, And soothe my troubled tho'ts to peace.

CONCONE. L. M.

Arranged from CONCONE by J. H. T.

1 Blest hour, when mortal man re - tires To hold communion with his God; To send to heav'n his warm de-sires, And lis-ten to the sa-cred word.

2 Blest hour, when earthly cares re - sign Their em-pire o'er his anxious breast; While all a-round the calm di - vine Proclaims the ho-ly day of rest.

3 Hail, peace-ful hour! su-preme-ly blest, A - mid the hours of worldly care; The hour that yields the spir-it rest, That sa-cred hour, the hour of prayer.

OLIVE'S CHANT. L. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

109

With expression.

1 'Tis midnight, and ou Olive's brow, The star is dim'd that late-ly shone; 'Tis midnight, in the gar-den now The suff'ring Saviour prays a - lone.

2 'Tis midnight, and from all re-moved, The Sa-viour wrestles lone with fears; E'en that dis - ci - ple whom he loved, Heeds not his Mas-ter's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight, and for o - thers guilt The Man of sorrows weeps in blood; Yet he, who hath in anguish knelt, Is not for - sa - ken by his God.

WAITING. L. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 Be-hold a Stranger at the door! He gen-tly knocks, has knocked before; Has waited long, is waiting still! You treat no o - ther frienf so ill.

2 Oh, lovely grat-i-tude—he stands With melting heart and loaded hands; Oh, matchless kindness, and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 Rise, touched with gratitide di-vine; Turn out his en - e - my and thine; That soul-de-stroy-ing monster, sin, And let the heavenly Stranger in.

DENNINGTON. L. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

Oh, sweet-ly breathe,

The lyres a - bove,

1 Oh, sweet-ly breathe . . . the lyres a - bove . . . Wheu au - gels touch the quivering string, the quivering string.
 2 And sweet on earth, . . . Tbe cho - ral swell, . . . From mor - tal tongue, of glad - some lays, of glad-some lays.
 3 Je - sus, thy name . . . our souls a - dore; . . . We own the bond that makes us thine, that makes us thine:

And wake to chant Im - man - uel's love, Such strains as an - gel lips can sing.
 When par - doned souls . . . their raptures tell, . . . And grate - ful hymn Im - man - uel's praise.
 And ear - nal joys . . . that charmed be - fore, . . . For thy dear sake we now re - sign.

1 E - ter - nal Source of ev' - ry joy, Well may thy name our lips em - ploy, While in thy tem - ple we ap - pear, Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 The flow'ry spring, at thy command, Embalms the air, and paints the land; The summer rays with vig - or shine, To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

3 Seas - ons and months and weeks and days De - mand suc - ces - sive songs of praise; And be the grate - ful homage paid, With morning light and evening shade.

Wide as the wheels of na - ture roll, Thy hand supports the steady pole; The sun is taught by thee to rise, And darkness when to veil the skies.

Thy hand in au - tumn rich - ly pours Thro' all our coasts a - bund - ant stores; And winters, softened by thy care, No more a drea - ry as - pect wear.

Here in thy house let in - ceuse rise, And cir - cling Sah - baths bless our eyes; Till to those lof - ty heights we soar Where days and years revolve no more.

1 Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing My great Re-deem - er's praise; The glo - ries of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gra - cious Master and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim; To spread thro' all the earth a - broad, The hon - ors of thy name.

3 Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease; 'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

ASHVILLE. C. M.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT.

1 Far from these nar - row scenes of night, Un - bound-ed glo - ries rise, And realms of joy and pure de-light, Un-known to mor - tal eyes.

2 Fair, dis-tant land! could mor - tal eyes But half its charms ex-plore, How would our spir - its long to rise, And dwell on earth no more!

3 Pre - pare us, Lord, by grace di-vine, For thy bright courts on high; Then bid our spir - its rise and join The cha - rus of the sky.

HOME. C. M. D.
FINE.

By per. R. M. McINTOSH. 113
D.C.



1 { Sweet land of rest! for thee I sigh: When will the mo - ment come, } No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace - ful sheltering dome;
When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell with Christ at home! }
d. c.—This world's a wil - der-ness of woe; This world is not my home.

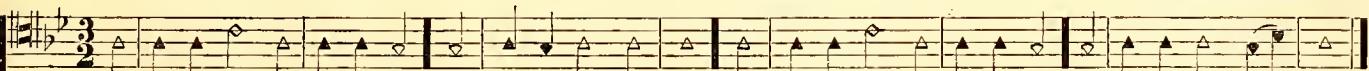


2 { To Je - sus Christ I sought for rest; He bade me cease to roam, } Wea - ry of wand' ring round and round, This vale of sin and gloom,
But fly for sue - cor to his breast, And be'd con - duct me home! }
d. c.—I long to leave th'un-hal-lowed ground, And dwell with Cbrist at bome.



SOLITUDE. C. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1 I love to steal a while a - way, From ev' - ry cumb'ring care, And spend the hours of sett-ing day In bumble, grate - ful prayer.



2 I love to think on mer-cies past, And future aid im - plore; And all my eares and sorrows cast On him whom I a - dore.



3 I love, by faith, to take a view, Of brighter scenes in heaven; The prospect doth my strength re-new, While here by tempests driven.



N

1 As o'er the past my mem'ry strays, Why heaves the se - cret sigh? 'Tis that I mourn de - part - ed days, Yet un - pre - pared to die.

2 The world and world-ly things beloved, My anxious thoughts employed; And time, un - hal - lowed, un - im - proved, Presents a fear - ful void.

3 Yet, ho - ly Fa - ther, wild de-spair Chase from my lah'ring breast; Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer: Thy grace can do the rest.

4 My life's hrief remnant all he thine; And when thy sure de - cree Bids me this fleet - ing breath re-sign, Oh, speed my soul to thee.

STRATHMORE. C. M.

By per. B. C. UNSELD.

1 As pants the hart for cool - ing streams, When heated in the chase So longs my soul, O God, for thee, And thy re - fresh - ing grace.

2 For thee, my God, the liv - ing God, My thirsty soul doth pine; Oh, when shall I be - hold thy face, Thou Ma - jes - ty di - vine?

3 I sigh to think of hap - pier days, When thou, O Lord, wast nigh; When ev' - ry heart was tuned to praise, And none more hiest than I.

INVOCATION. C. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

115

1 Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heavenly Dove, With all thy quick'ning powers; Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we gro - vel here be - low, Fond of these trifling toys; Our souls can neither fly nor go To reach im - mor-tal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal tongues, In vain we strive to rise; Ho - san-nas lan-guiish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.

BELMONT. C. M.

Arr. by A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 My God, my Fa - ther, bliss - ful name! Oh, may I call thee mine? May I with sweet as - su-rance claim A por-tion so di - vine?

3 What-e'er thy sa - cred will or-dains, Oh, give me strength to bear! And let me know my Fa-ther reigns, And trust his ten-der care.

1 When ver - dure clothes the fer - tile vale, And blossoms deck the spray, And fragrance breathes in ev' - ry gale, How sweet the ver - nal day!

2 Hark! how the feathered warb - lers sing, 'Tis Na - ture's cheer - ful voice; Soft mu - sic hails the love - ly spring, And woods and fields re - joice.

3 O God of na - ture and of grace, Thy heavenly gifts im - part; Then shall my med - i - ta - tion trace Spring, blooming in my heart.

4 In - spired to praise, I then shall join Glad Na - ture's cheer - ful song; And love and grat - i - tude di - vine At-tend my joy - ful tongue.

PRIOR. C. M.

O. E. POLLOCK.

1 Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Salutes my waking eyes; Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay To Him who rules the skies,

2 'Tis he supports my mor - tal frame; My tongue shall speak his praise; My sins would rouse his wrath to flame, And yet his wrath de - lays.

3 Great God, let all my hours be thine, While I en - joy the light; Then shall my sun in smiles de - cline, And bring a peaceful night.

MOOAR. C. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

117

1 In all my vast con-cerns with thee, In vain my soul would try, To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee The no-tice of thine eye.

2 Thy all surrounding sight sur-veys My ris-ing and my rest; My puh-lic walks, my pri-vate ways, And se-crets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lieo - pen to the Lord, Be - fore they're formed with-in; And ere my lips pronounce the word, He knows the sense I mean.

GIBSON. C. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 A - gain the Lord of life and light A-wakes the kind - ling ray, Un - seals the eye - lids of the morn, And pours re - ful - gent day.

3 This day be grate - ful homage paid, And lond ho - san - nas sung; Let glad-ness dwell in ev' - ry breast, And praise on ev' - ry tongue.

3 Ten thou-sand, thou-sand lips shall join, To hail this hap - py morn, Which scatters bles-sings from its wings On nations yet nn-born.

1 I know that my Re - deem - er lives, 'And ev - er prays for me: A to-ken of his love he gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.

2 I find him lifting up my head; He brings sal - va - tion near; His presence makes me free in - deed, And he will soon ap - pear.

3 He wills that I should ho - ly be! What can with - stand his will? The coun - sel of his gracie in me, He sure - ly shall ful - fil.

MATTIE. C. M.

L. C. EVERETT.

1 Ye golden lamps of heav'n farewell, With all your feeble light; Farewell, thou ev - er-changing moon, Pale empress of the night, Pale em - press of the night.

2 And thou ro - ful - gent orb of day, In bright - er flames arrayed; My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere, No more de - mands thy aid, No more demands thy aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shining dust Of my di-vine a - bode, The pavement of those heavenly courts, Where I shall see my God, Where I shall see my God.

POLLOCK. C. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

119

1 What wisdom, ma - jes - ty and grace, Through all the gos - pel shine! 'Tis God that speaks, and we con - fess The doctrine most di - vine.

2 Down from his star - ry throne on high, Th'Al-migh-ty Sa - viour comes; Lays his bright robes of glo - ry by, And feeble flesh as - sumes.

3 The mighty debt that sinners owed, Up - on the cross he pays: Then through the clouds as-cends to God, 'Mid shout of lof - tiest praise.

4 There he our great High Priest ap-pears, Be - fore his Fa - ther's throne; Mingles his mer - its with our tears, And pours sal - va - tion down.

ST. NICHOLAS. C. M.

Dr. WM. HAVERGAL.

1 E - ter - nal Source of joys di - vine, To thee my soul aspires; Oh, could I say,"The Lord is mine!" 'Tis all my soul de - sires.

2 My Hope, my Trust, my Life, my Lord, As - sure me of thy love; Oh, speak the kind, transporting word, And bid my fears re - move!

3 Then shall my thankful powers re-joice, And triumph in my God, Till heavenly raptre tunes my voice, To spread thy praise a - broad.

1 If on a qui - et sea, Toward heav'n we calm ly sail; With grate ful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the fav' ring gale.
 2 But shoud the sur ges rise, And rest de lay to come, Blest be the sor row, kind the storm, Which drives us near er home.
 3 Teach us, in ev' ry state, To make thy will our own; And, when the joys of seuse de part, To live by faith a lone.

1 How sweet to bless the Lord; And in his prais es join; With saints his good ness to re cord, And sing his power di vine!
 2 These sea sons of de light The dawn of glo ry seem; Like rays of pure, ce lest ial light, Which on our spir its beam.
 3 But oh, the bliss sublime, When joy shall be complete, In that un clouded glorions clime, Where all thy servants meet.

EUTAW. S. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

121

1 Be-gin, my soul, some heavenly theme, And speak some boundless thing; The mighty works of mightier name, Of our e - ter - nal King.

2 His ve - ry word of grace is strong As that which built the skies; The voice that rolls the stars a - long, Speaks all the prom - is - es.

JEFFERSON. S. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Thy home is with the humble, Lord! The sim - plest are the best; Thy lodgings are in childlike hearts; Thou makest there thy rest.

2 Dear Com - fort-er! e - ter - nal Love! If thou wilt stay with me, Of lowly thoughts and simple ways I'll build a house for thee.

3 Who made this heating heart of mine But thou, my heavenly Guest? Let no one have it, then, but thee, And let it be thy rest!

1 My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a - rise; The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray; The bat-tle ne'er give o'er, Re - new it bold-ly ev' - ry day, And help divine im - plore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won, Nor lay thine arm-or down: The work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob - tain the crown.

1 Great is the Lord our God, And let his praise be great; He makes his churches his a - bode, His most de - light - ful seat.

2 In Zi - on God is known, A ref - uge in dis - tress; How bright has his sal - va-tion shone Through all her pal - a - ces.

3 In ev' - ry new dis - tress, We'll to his house re - pair; We'll think up-on his wondrous grace, And seek de - liv' - rance there.

CLOSING HOUR. S. M.

By per. J. H. LESLIE.

123

1 Lord, at this clos - ing hour, Es - tab - lish ev' - ry heart Up - ou thy word of truth and power, To keep us when we part.

2 Through changes bright or dear, We would thy will pur - sue; And toil to spread thy kingdom here, Till we its glo - ry view.

3 To God, the on - ly wise, In ev' - ry age a - dored; Let glo - ry from the church a - rise, Through Je - sus Christ, our Lord.

ROSECRANS. S. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul; His grace to thee pro - claim; And all that is within me, join To bless his ho - ly name.

2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul; His mer - cies bear in mind; For - get not all his ben - e - fits: The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not al - ways chide; He will with pa - tience wait; His wrath is ev - er slow to rise, And rea - dy to a - bate.

1 Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come! Let thy bright beams a - rise; Dis - pel the darkness from our minds, And o - pen thou our eyes.

2 Re - vive our drooping faith; Our doubts and fears re-move; And kindle in our breasts the flame Of nev - er - dy - ing love.

THATCHER. S. M.

G. F. HANDEL.

1 To God, in whom I trust, I lift my heart and voice; Oh, let me not be put to shame, Nor let my foes re - joice.

2 Thy mer - cies and thy love, O Lord, re - call to mind; And gra-cious - ly con - tin - ue still, As thou wert ev - er, kind.

HERNDON. S. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

125

1 A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy; A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

2 Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in thy sight to live; And oh, thy ser - vant, Lord, pre-pare A strict ac-count to give.

3 Help me to watch and pray, And on thy-self re - ly; As-sured, if I my trust be-tray, I shall for-ev - er die.

GERAR. S. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1 Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one; Whose kind de - signs to serve and please, Through all their ac - tions run.

2 Blest is the pi - ous house Where zeal and friend-ship meet, Their songs of praise, their min - gled vows, Make their com - mun-ion sweet.

3 Thus, on the heavenly hills, The saints are blessed a - bove; Where joy, like morn - ing dew, dis - tilts, And all the air is love.

1 The Lord my Shepherd is; I shall be well supplied; Since he is mine and I am his, What can I want be-side? What can I want be-side?

2 He leads me to the place Where heav'nly pasture grows; Where liv-ing wa-ters gently pass, And full sal - va - tion flows, And full sal - va - tion flows.

3 If e'er I go a-stray, He doth my soul re-claim; And guides me in his own right way, For his most ho - ly name, For his most ho - ly name.

VANDALIA. S. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Enthroned is Je - sus now Up - on his heaven - ly seat; The kingly crown is on his brow; The saints are at his feet.

2 In shining white they stand, A great and count - less strong; A palmy sep - tre in each hand, On ev' - ry lip a song.

3 They sing the Lamb of God, Once slain on earth for them; The Lamb thro' whose a-ton-ing blood Each wears his di - a - dem.

CRYSTAL. S. M.

MOSES D. RANDALL,

127

1 Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And thus surround the throne.

2 The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets, Be - fore we reach the heaven-ly fields, Or walk the gold-en streets.

3 Then let our songs a - bound, And ev' - ry tear be dry We're march - ing through Im - man - uel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high.

CALISTOGA. S. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 One sweet-ly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; Near - er my part - ing hour am I, Than e'er I was be - fore, Than e'er I was be - fore.

2 Near - er my Father's house, Where many mansions be; Near-er the throne where Jesus reigns, Near-er the crystal sea, Near - er the crystal sea.

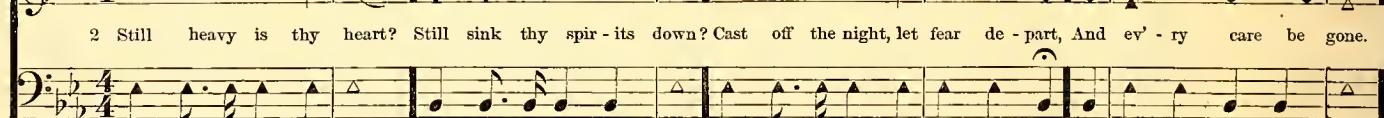
3 Near - er my go - ing home, Lay-ing the bur-den down; Leaving my cross of heavy grief, Wear-ing my star-ry crown, Wearing my star-ry crown.



1 Give to the winds thy fears; Hope, and he un - dis - mayed; God bears thy sighs and counts thy tears; God shall lift up thy head.



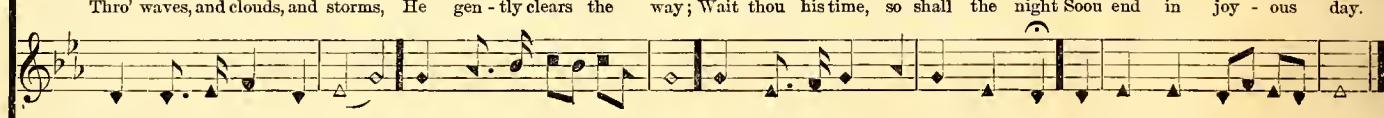
2 Still heavy is thy heart? Still sink thy spir - its down? Cast off the night, let fear de - part, And ev' - ry care be gone.



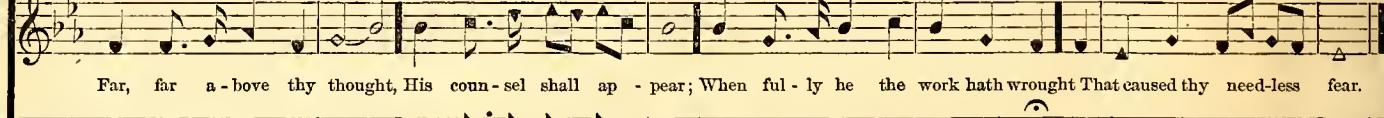
Thro' waves, and clouds, and storms, He gen - tly clears the way; Wait thou his time, so shall the night Soo end in joy - ous day.



Far, far a - bove thy thought, His coun - sel shall ap - pear; When ful - ly he the work hath wrought That caused thy need-less fear.



Far, far a - bove thy thought, His coun - sel shall ap - pear; When ful - ly he the work hath wrought That caused thy need-less fear.



ALMA. S. M. D.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

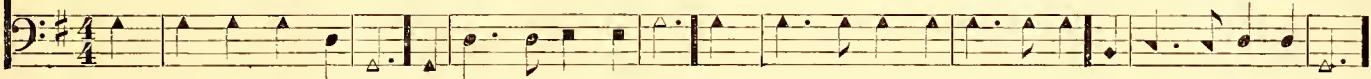
129



1 The Lord is risen in - deed; The grave hath lost its prey; With him shall rise the ransomed seed, To reign in end-less day.



2 The Lord is risen in - deed; At - tend - ing an - gels hear; Up to the courts of heaven with speed The joy - ful tid - ings bear.



The Lord is risen in - deed: He lives to die no more; He lives his peo - ple's cause to plead, Whose curse and shame he bore.



Then take your gold - en lyres, And strike each cheer - ful chord; Join all the bright ce - les - tial choirs, To sing our ris - en Lord.



1 Hark! hark! the notes of joy Roll o'er the heav'n - ly plains, And ser - aphs find em - ploy For their sub - lim - est strains:

2 Hark! hark! the sonnd draws nigh, The joy - ful host de - scends; Je - sus forsakes the sky, To earth his foot - steps bends:

3 Strike, strike the harps a - gain, To greet Im - man - uel's name! A - rise, ye sons of men, And all his grace pro - claim:

Some new de - light in heav'n is known; Loud ring the harps a - round the throne, Loudring the harps a - ronnd the throne.

He comes to hless our fall - en race; He comes with mes - sa - ges of grace, He comes with mes - sa - ges of grace.

An - gels and men, wake ev' - ry string, 'Tis God the Sa - viour's praise we sing! 'Tis God the Sa - viour's praise we sing!

COHASSET. H. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

131

1 O Zi - on, tune thy voice, And raise thy hands on high; Tell all the earth thy joys,

2 He gilds thy mourn - ing face With beams that can - not fade; His all - re - splen - dent grace

And hoast sal - va - tion nigh. Cheer - ful in God, a - rise and shine, While rays di - vine stream all a - broad.

He pours a - round thy head. The na - tions round thy form shall view, With lus - tre new di - vine - ly crowned.

With lus - tre new di - vine - ly crowned.

FREDERICKSBURG. H. M.

By per. R. M. McINTOSH.

1 Re - joice, the Lord is King, Your Lord and King a - dore; Mor - tals, give thanks and sing, And tri - umph ev - er-more: Lift up your

2 Je - sus, the Saviour reigns, The God of truth and love; When he had purged our stains, He took his seat a - bove:

3 His king - dom can-not fail; He rules o'er earth and heaven; The keys of death and hell Are to our Je - sus given:

hearts, Lift up your voice, Re - joice, a - gain, I say, re - joice.

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice, Re - joice, a - gain, I say, re - joice.

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice, Re - joice, a - gain, I say, re - joice.

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice, Re - joice, a - gain, I say, re - joice.

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice, Re - joice, a - gain, I say, re - joice.

EMERICK. 7s.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

133

1 Hear and save me, gra-cious Lord, For my trust is in thy word; Wash me from the stain of sin, That thy peace may rule with-in.

2 Leave me not my strength to trust; Oh, re-mem-ber I'm but dust; Leave me not a - gain to stray, Leave me not the tempter's prey.

Words by M. D. BANDALL.

RANDALL. 7s.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Storms may gath-er o'er the way Of life's dark and drea-ry day; Press we still the toilsome road On-ward to our Father, God, On-ward to our Fath-er, God.

2 There, be - yond these low-er skies, Storms and tempests nev- er rise; There no cares disturb the breast, There the wea - ry soul shall rest, There the wea - ry soul shall rest.

3 Thith - er may our spir - its soar When life's troubled scenes are o'er; Then, a-round the throne a - bove, May we chant Redeeming Love, May we chant Re - deem-ing Love.

1 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,

2 Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow, All for sin could not a - tone;

3 While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death, When I soar to worlds un - known,

From Thy wound - ed side that flowed, Be of sin the per - fect cure, Cleanse from guilt and make me pure,

Thou must save, and Thou a - lone! Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.

See Thee on thy jndg - ment throne,—Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

WELCOME. 7s. Double.

FINE.

G. W. LINTON.

135
D.C.

1 { Welcome, wel-come day of rest, To the world in kind - ness given; } Day of soft and sweet re - pose; Gen - tly now the moments run,
 Welcome, to this care-worn-breast, As the beam-ing light of heaven. }
 p. c.—As the peace-ful streamlet flows, Ra-diant with a sum - mer's sun.

2 { Day of ti - dings from the skies, Day of sol - emn praise and prayer, } Welcome, wel-come day of rest, With thy in -fluence all di - vine:
 Day to make the sim - ple wise: Oh, how great thy bless - ings are. }
 D. C.—May thy hal - lowed hours be blest To this fee - ble heart of mine.

MARTYN. 7s. Double.

FINE.

S. B. MARSH.
D.C.

1 { Je-sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly, } Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of life is past.
 While the raging billows roll, While the tempest still is high. }
 D. C.—Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 { Oth - er ref - nge have I none; Hangs my helpless sonl on thee: } All my trust on thee is stayed; All my help from thee I bring;
 Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone; Still support and com - fort me. }
 D. C.—Cov - er my de-fence-less head With the shadow of thy wing.

VALLEY FORD. 8s & 7s.

MOSES D. RANDALL.

1 Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this barren land; I am weak, but thou art might - y; Hold me with thy powerful hand.

2 O - pen thou the crystal fountain, Whence the healing streams do flow; Let the fie - ry, cloud-y pil - lar Lead me all my journey through.

3 When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anxious fears sub-side; Bear me through the swell-ing cur-rent; Land me safe on Cauaan's side.

STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.

D. E. JONES.

1 Si - lent - ly the shades of even - ing Gath - er round my lone - ly door; Si - leut - ly they bring he - fore me Fa - ces I shall see no more.

2 Oh, the lost, the un - for - got - ten, Though the world be oft for - got; Oh, the shrouded and the lone - ly, In our hearts they per - ish not.

3 How such ho - ly mem'ries clus - ter, Like the stars, when storms are past; Pointing up to yon fair ha - ven, We may hope to gain at last.

TRIBUTE. 8s & 7s.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

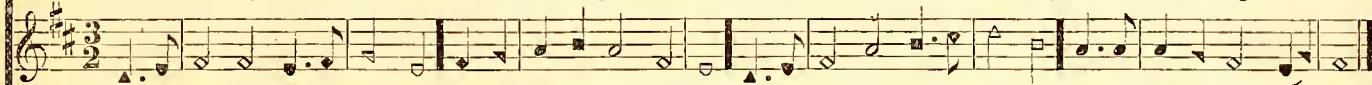
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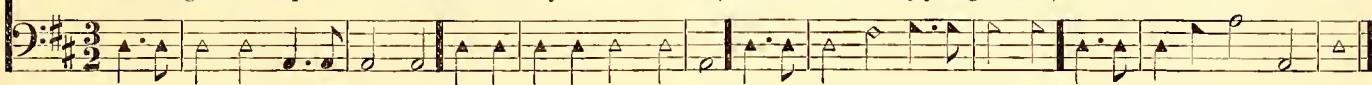
1 Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love - ly, Gen - tle as the sum - mer breeze, Pleasant as the air of even-ing, When it floats a - mong the trees.



2 Peaceful he thy si - lent slum - ber,—Peaceful in the grave so low: Thou no more wilt join our num - ber; Thou no more our songs shalt know.

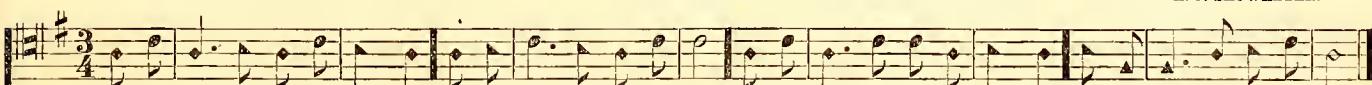


3 Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee When the day of life is fled; Then in heaven with joy to greet thee, Where no farewell tear is shed.



HOWARD. 8s & 7s.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1 Sa - viour, breathe an evening bles - sing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal; Sin and want we come con - fess - ing; Thou canst save and thou canst heal.



2 Tho' de - struc - tion walk a - round us, Though the ar - rows past us fly, An - gel guards from thee surround us; We are safe, if thou art nigh.



3 Should swift death this night o'er take us, And command us to the tomb, May the morn in heaven a - wake us, Clad in bright, e - ter - nal bloom!



WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

By per. O. C. CONVERSE.

1 What a Friend we have in Je-sus, All our sins and griefs to bear; What a pri- vi-lege to car-ry Ev'- ry-thing to God in prayer.

2 Have we tri - als and temp-ta-tions? Is there trouble an - y - where? We should never be dis-cour- aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden, Cumbered with a load of care? Pre-cious Saviour, still our Ref-uge,— Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we hear; All hecause we do not ear-ry Ev' - ry-thing to God in prayer.

Can we find a Friend so faith-ful, Who will all our sorrows share? Je - sus knows our ev'-ry weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Do thy friends despise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer; In his arms He'll take and shield thee, Thon wilt find a sol-nee there.

1 She is sleeping, calmly sleeping, In a new-made grave to-day; We are weeping, sad-ly weeping, For the darling gone a-way.

2 She is sing - ing sweetly sing - ing, In the par - a-dise a -bove, Where ce-lest - ial courts are ring-ing With the mel - ody of love.

3 She is bloom - ing, brightly blooming, 'Mid the fair - est flowers of light, In the gar - den of sweet E - den Where the flow - ers never blight.

4 She is waiting, ev - er wait-ing, For the friends she loved the best, And she'll gladly hail their coming, To the mansions of the blest.

One by one the gentle Shep-herd Gathers lambs from ev'ry fold, Folds them to His loving bosom With a ten - der-ness un-told.

One by one the Saviour gathers Earthly min - strels for his own, And our Maud has joined the chorus Of the an - gels round the throne.

One by one the Fa-ther gath-ers Choicest flow - ers, rich and rare, And transplants them in His garden; They will bloom for-ev - er there.

One by one the Lord will call us, As our la-bor here is done; And then as we cross the riv - er, We may meet her one by one.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1 Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee; E'en though it be a cross, That rais - eth me;

2 Though like a wan - der - er, Day - light all gone, Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone.

3 There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heaven; All that thou send - est me In mer - ey given;

Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

Yet in my dreams I'd he Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

HEAR, OH, HEAR ME.

J. H. ROSEGRAN'S.

141

1 Hear, oh, hear me, pity - ing Fa - ther; Bow thine ear nn - to my ery; Long I've wan - dered,

2 Lord, I mer - it but thine an - ger; Just in - deed thy wrath would be, But, O Lord, re-

3 Sin and Sa - tan long have held me In vile hond - age; set me free; Take my heart in-

4 Ma - ny years I've wan - dered from thee, Leav - ing work for thee un - done; But in mer - ey,

oh, for - give me; Save me, Fa - ther, or I die, Save me, Fa - ther, or I die.

mem - her mer - ey; Cast me not a - way from thee, Cast me not a - way from thee.

to thy keep - ing; Let me now thy ser - vant he, Let me now thy ser - vant be.

Lord., for - give me, For the sake of thy dear Son, For the sake of thy dear Son.

GATHERING SEED.

J. H. TENNEY.

CHORUS.



1 { Out on the highways, wher - ev - er you go, Seed we must gather, and seed we must sow; } That which we gather is that which we sow,
 E - ven the tū - ni - est seed has a power, Be it a thistle or be it a flower.



2 { Out of each mo - ment some good we ob - tain, Something to winnow and scat - ter a - gain; }
 All that we lis - ten to, all that we read, All that we think of is gath - er - ing seed.



3 { Gath - er - ing seed we must scat - ter as well; God will watch o - ver the place where it fell; } That which we gather is that which we sow,
 On - ly the gain of the har - vest is ours; Shall we plant net - tiles, or shall we plant flowers?



Seed-time and harvest al - ter - nate - ly flow; When we have finish'd with time 'twill be known How we have gathered and how we have sown.



Seed-time and harvest al - ter - nate - ly flow; When we have finished with time 'twill be known How we have gathered and how we have sown.



MORNING HYMN.

3
4

1 'Tis sweet, blest Lord, when breaks the ro - sy morn - ing, Wak - ing, to feel that I am still with thee;

2 A - bide with me to cheer me and to strengthen; Sus - tain me, for I am so weak and faint.

3 Still, still with thee, when pur - ple morn is break - ing, 'Tis sweet, blest Sa - viour, to a - bide with thee;

Each hour to thee my wea - ry heart is turn - ing; Oh, let thy pres - ence still a - bide with me.

Shouldst thou for - sake me ere the shad - ows length - en, Ah! whith - er should I go with my com - plaint.

Be with me, Lord, through all my hours of wak - ing; And when the night comes, still a - bide with me.



TELL IT AGAIN.

By per. R. M. McINTOSH.

1 In - to the tent where a gyp - sy boy lay Dyi - ng a - lone, at the close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we

2 "Did He so love me,- a poor lit - tle hoy? Send un - to me the good ti - dings of joy? Need I not per - ish? My

3 Bend - ing, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he entered the val - ley of death; "God sent his Son;- who - so-

4 Smi - ling, he said, as his last sigh was spent: "I am so glad that for me he was sent;" Whisper'd, while low sank the

REFRAIN.

car - ried. Said he, "No - bo - dy ev - er has told it to me!" Tell it a - gain! Tell it a - gain!

hand will he hold? No - bo - dy ev - er the sto - ry has told." Tell it a - gain! Tell it a - gain!

ev - er?" said he: "Then I am sure that he sent him for me!" Tell it a - gain! Tell it a - gain!

sun in the west, "Lord, I be - lieve: tell it now to the rest." Tell it a - gain! Tell it a - gain!

TELL IT AGAIN. Concluded.

145

Sal - va-tion's sto - ry re - peat o'er and o'er, Till none can say of the children of men; "No-bo-dy ev - er has told me be - fore."

Sal - va-tion's sto - ry re-pea t o'er and o'er, Till none can say of the children of men; "No-bo-dy ev - er has told me be - fore."

OSCALA. L. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 Gen - tly, my Sa - viour, let me down To slum - ber in the arms of death; I rest my soul on thee a - lone, E'en till my last ex - pir-ing breath.

2 Soon will the storm of life be o'er, And I shall en - ter end - less rest: There I shall live to sin no more, And bless thy name, for - ev - er blest.

3 Bid me pos - sess sweet peace with - in; Let child-like pa-tience keep my heart; Then shall I feel my heaven be - gin, Be-fore my spir-it hence do - part.

R

SWEET HALL.

1 Look be - yond, my soul, and see Zi - on's ci - ty fair; Gleam-ing, ra-diant as the sun, Free from pain and care.

2 Lo, tby Cap - tain, Je - sus, leads Forth to realms of rest; Vic - tor's wreath shall bind thy brow, In bis man - sions blest;

Lo, the race is al - most run! Life's fierce strife will soon be done! Glorious rest will soon be won! Yield not to de - spair.

There with saints and an - gels fair, Free from ev' - ry earth-born care, Thon sbalt end-less pleasure share, On his lov - ing breast.

THE SHELTER OF THE CROSS.

1 Op-pressed with noon-day's scorching heat, To yon-der cross I flee; Be-neth its shel - ter take my seat; No shade like this for me!

2 Be -neath that cross clear wa-ters burst, A fountain spark -ling, free, And there I quench my de-sert thirst; No spring like this for me!

3 A stranger here, I pitch my tent Be-neth this spread-ing tree; Here shall my pil - grim life be spent; No home like this for me!

4 For bur-dened ones a rest-ing-place Be - side that cross I see; I here cast off my wea - ri-ness; No rest like this for me!

No shade like this for me! No shade like this for me! Be -neath its shel - ter take my seat; No shade like this for me!

No spring like this for me! No spring like this for me! And there I quench my des -ert thirst; No spring like this for me!

No home like this for me! No home like this for me! Here shall my pil - grim life be spent; No home like this for me!

No rest like this for me! No rest like this for me! I here cast off my wea - ri-ness; No rest like this for me!

THE CITY OF LIGHT.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1 There's a ci - ty of light 'mid the stars we are told, Where they know not a sor - row or care; And the

2 Bro - ther dear, nev - er fear, we shall tri - umph at last, If . we trust in the word he has givin'; When our

3 Sis - ter dear, nev - er fear, for the Sa - viour is near; With his hand he will lead you a-long; And the

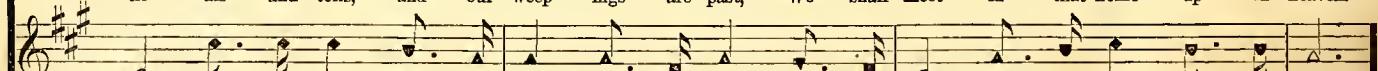
4 Let us walk in the light of the gos - pel di-vine Let us ev - er keep near to the cross; Let us



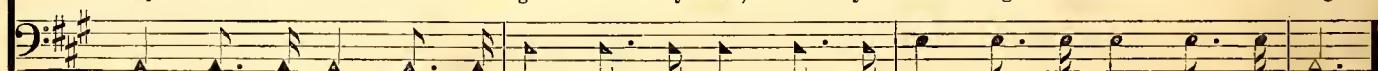
gates are of pearl and the streets are of gold, And the build - ing ex - ceed - ing - ly fair.



tri - als and toils, and our weep - ings are past, We shall meet in that home up in heaven.



way that is dark Christ will gra - cious - ly clear, And your mourn - ing shall turn to a song.



love, watch, and pray in our pil - grim - age here; Let ns count all things else but as loss.

THE CITY OF LIGHT. Concluded.

149

Let us pray for each o - ther, Let us pray for each other; Nor faint by the way, nor faint by the way, In this sad world of sor - row, this

Let us pray for each oth - - er; Nor faint by the way, In this sad world of

Let us pray for each oth - er, let us pray for each other; Nor faint by the way, nor faint by the way, In this sad world of sor - row, this

sad world of sor - row and care; For that home is so bright and is al - most in sight, And I trust in my heart you'll go there.

sor - - - row and care; For that home is so bright and is al - most in sight, And I trust in my heart you'll go there.

sad world of sor - row and care; For that home is so bright and is al - most in sight, And I trust in my heart you'll go there.

REST IN HEAVEN.

1 Af - ter the toil and tur - moil, Af - ter the strife is past, Com - eth the peace God giv - eth, Com - eth the rest at last.

2 They who have fought and con - quered, Waging a war with sin, In - to the heaven-ly ci - ty, Glad - ly will en - ter in.

3 Rest for the worn and wea - ry, Shel - ter for all the lost; And in the hless - ed ha - ven, An - chor the tem - pest-toss'd.

CHORUS.

Rest, . . . sweet rest for the wea - ry, Af - ter the toil, the toil and pain, Sleep for the well - be-lov - ed, Crowns will the vic-tors, vic - tors gain.

Rest, sweet rest for the wea - ry, Af - ter the toil and pain; Sleep for the well he - lov - ed, Crowns will the vic-tors, vic - tors gain.

Rest . . . sweet rest for the wea - ry, Af - ter the toil, the toil and pain; Sleep for the well be-lov - ed, Crowns will the vic-tors gain.

HARK! TO THE SOLEMN BELL.

GEO. BAKER.

151

1 Hark! to the sol - emn bell, Mourn - ful - ly peal - ing; What do its wail - ings tell, On the ear steal - ing?

2 When in their lone - ly beds Loved ones are ly - ing; When joy - ful wings are spread, To heav - en fly - ing;

3 No, dear - est Je - sus, no! To thee, their Sa - viour, Let their free spir - its go; Ran - somed for - ev - er!

Seem they not thus to say: "Loved ones have passed a - way; Ash - es with ash - es lay?" List! to its peal - ing.

Would we to sin and pain Call back their souls a - gain; Weave round their hearts the chain, Sev - ered in dy - ing?

They're with the joy - ous throng, Sing - ing the ran-somed song; They shall thy praise prolong Ev - er and ev - er.

MY ANCHOR IS HOLDING.

By per J. H. TENNEY.

1 Sweet Hope, the an - chor of my soul, Enters within the vail; Rests in the Sa-viour's dy - ing love; Fears not the wild - est gale.

2 My life's frail bark is of - ten tossed, High on the moun-tain waves; Steadfast and sure my an - chor holds, Firm on the Rock that saves.

3 Fair heav - en'sdome is just in view, Beau-ti - ful gold - en land! Soon I shall reach its gates of pearl, Walk on its shin - ing strand.

CHORUS.

My an-chor is hold - ing, Within . the vail, My an-chor is hold - ing, is hold - ing; It will not fail.

My an-chor is hold - ing, Within the vail; My an-chor is hold - ing, is hold - ing; It will not fail.

1 Ho - ly Bi - ble! book di - vine! Light and life in ev' - ry line; Light for all who Christ re - ceive; Life for all who will be - lieve.

2 Ho - ly Bi - ble! book of truth! On - ly guide for age and youth; All who search are sure to find Rest of soul and peace of mind;

3 Ho - ly Bi - ble! book of God! For mankind the on - ly code; And its laws we must o - obey; Heed its precepts day by day.

4 Ho - ly Bi - ble! spir - it's sword! Sto - ry of our bless - ed Lord; Chart to guide me to the skies, Where a-waits the glo - ry prize.

CHORUS. *ff*

Ho - ly Bi - ble! bless - ed book! Now by faith in thee I look; O - pen thou my eyes, O Lord, To the wonders of thy word.

Ho - ly Bi - ble! bless - ed book! Now by faith in thee I look; O - pen thou my eyes, O Lord, To the wonders of thy word.

CHEER ME ON MY WAY.

1 The love of Je - sus, so warm to me, Cheers me on my way; Know-ing his prom-is-es firm shall be, Cheers me on my way.

2 This thought so blessed, so full of love, Cheers me on my way; The thought of heav-en and rest a - bove, Cheers me on my way.

3 The blessed prom-i-ses of his word, Cheer me on my way; That I shall rest with my blessed Lord, Cheers me on my way.

He who gave his life, that I Might find rest he-yond the sky, That I'll see him by and hy, Cheers me on my way.

With that grand im - mor - tal choir, I shall sweep the tune - ful lyre; Oh, the thought, like heav'nly fire, Cheers me on my way.

Oh, the houndless love and grace That now beams in Je - sus' face, Best as - sur - ance of his grace, Cheers me on my way.

CHEER ME ON MY WAY. Concluded.

155

CHORUS.

Cheer me on my way, my way, Cheer me on my way; That I'll see him by and by, Cheers me on the way, the way.

Cheers me on my way, Cheers me on my way; That I'll see him hy and by, Cheers me on my way.

SOMERVILLE. C. M.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1 Dear Je - sus, ev - er at my side, How lov-ing must thou he; To leave thy home in heav'n, to guard A lit-tle child like me.

2 I can - not feel thee touch my hand, With pressure light and mild, To check me as my mother did When I was hut a child.

3 But I have felt thee in my thoughts, Re-buk-ing sin for me; And when my heart loves God, I know The sweetness is from thee.

4 And when, dear Sa-viour, I kneel down Morning and nights to prayer, Something there is with - in my heart Which tells me thou art there.

LIGHT IN THE VALLEY.

By per FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 When to the earth I am hid - ding a - dieu, And, in the distance, the mes - sen - ger see, 'Twill not he dark - ness my

2 Je - sus, who suffered and died for my sake, Then will my Stay and my Com - fort - er be: Heav - en's bright dawn on my

3 Now I am los - ing my hold up - on earth! Je - sns is ten - der - ly set - ting me free! Glo - ry is break - ing, and

CHORUS.

soul go-eth through; There will be light in the val-ley for me. Light in the val-ley, Light in the val-ley,

vis - ion shall break; There will be light in the val-ley for me.

heav - en has birth! There will be light in the val-ley for me. Light in the val-ley, Light in the val-ley,

LIGHT IN THE VALLEY. Concluded.

157

There will be light in the valley for me; Light in the valley, Light in the valley, There will be light in the valley for me.

There will be light in the valley for me; Light in the valley, Light in the valley, There will be light in the valley for me.

JUST AS I AM.

KARL REDAN.

1 Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou hid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am; thou wilt receive, Wilt wel-come, pardon, cleanse, relieve; Be-cause thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come!

THE LOVELY LAND.

By per. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1 There is a land of pure de-light Where saints im - mor - tal reign; In - fin - ite day excludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain.

2 There ev - er -last-ing spring a-hides, And nev - er-with'-ring flowers; Death, like a nar-row sea, di - vides This heaven - ly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields be-yond the swelling flood Stand dressed in liv - ing green; So 'to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jor - dan rolled between.

CHORUS.

Oh, the land, the lovely land, The land o - ver Jor - dan's foam! On the gold-en strand wait the hap-py, hap-py band, To welcome the ransomed home.

Oh, the land, the lovely land, The land o - ver Jor - dan's foam! On the gold-en strand wait the happy, happy band, To welcome the ransomed home.

WHOSE I AM.



1 Je - sus, Mas - ter, whose I am, Purchased, thine a - lone to he, By thy blood, O spot-less Lamb! Shed so will - ing - ly for me:



2 Oth - er lords have long held sway; Now, thy name a - lone to bear, Thy dear voice a - lone o - bey, Is my dai - ly, hour - ly prayer.



3 Je - sus, Mas - ter, I am thine! Keep me faith - ful, keep me near; Let thy pres-ence in me shine, All my homeward way to cheer.



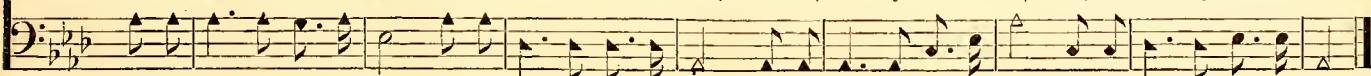
Let my heart he all thine own, Let me live to thee a - lone; Let my heart he all thine own, Let me live to thee a - lone.



Whom have I in heav'u hut thee? Nothing else my joy can he; Whom have I in heaven hut thee? Nothing else my joy can be.



Je - sus, at thy feet I fall; Oh, he thou my All in all; Je - sus, at thy feet I fall; Oh, he thou my All in all.



AT JESUS' FEET.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

1 I have found a rest complete For a wea - ry, troubled soul, Where the hil - lows of life's sea Nev - er o'er the spir - it roll;

2 Sin - ners, come, there's room for all, From thy heav - y load he freed; Come, ye friendless, wea - ry one, Find a Friend for ev - ry need.

3 Here is par - don for each sin; Here is mer - ey, sure and free; Hear Him, o'er thy hearts wild din, Sweet - ly call - ing, "Come to me."

At the feet of Him who came, Took our sins, and bore our shame,—At the feet of Je - sus slain, At the feet of Je - sus.

Wea - ry, troubled, and op - pressed, All may find e - ter - nal rest With that Sa - viour, ev - er blest, At the feet of Je - sus.

Come with all thy sin and fear; Lay thy ev' - ry hur - den here; And in joy for-e'er ap - pear At the feet of Je - sus.

AT JESUS' FEET. Concluded.

161

At his feet, oh, blessed spot! His love it changeth not; And I sit me down and rest At the feet of Je-sus.

At his feet, oh, blessed spot!

At his feet, oh, blessed spot! His love it changeth not; And I sit me down and rest At the feet of Je-sus.

BAKER. S. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 How gen - tle God's commands! How kind his pre - cepts are! Come, cast your bnr - dens on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care

2 His boun - ty will pro - vide; His saints se - cure - ly dwell; That hand which hears cre - a - tion up, Shall guard his chil - dren well.

3 Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wea - ry mind? Oh, seek your heav'n - ly Fath - er's throne, And peace and com - fort find.

T

GATHERING HOME WITHIN THE VAIL.

Harmonized by R. K. MOORE,
From "New Melodies of Praise," by per.

3/4 time signature, key of G major. The music consists of two staves of eight measures each, with a repeat sign and a key change to D major at the end of the second staff.

1 Time, like a stream, is glid - ing by; We're on its shore to-day; A mo-ment more, and we may pass From mor - tal sight a-way.

3/4 time signature, key of G major. The music consists of two staves of eight measures each, with a repeat sign and a key change to D major at the end of the second staff.

2 Thus, one by one our friends have passed; Thro' pearly gates they glide, Where gath'ring hosts of loved ones meet, Far o'er the riv - er tide.

3/4 time signature, key of G major. The music consists of two staves of eight measures each, with a repeat sign and a key change to D major at the end of the second staff.

3 This land of rest is hid from view; Tho' gen - tle airs, so calm, Oft steal-ing from that view-less shore, Bring us their breath of balm.

3/4 time signature, key of G major. The music consists of two staves of eight measures each, with a repeat sign and a key change to D major at the end of the second staff.

4 We'regath'ring home with-in the vail, Its heavenly joys to share; What glorious greet-ings will be ours, To meet our loved ones there!

2/4 time signature, key of G major. The music consists of two staves of eight measures each, with a repeat sign and a key change to D major at the end of the second staff.

We're gath - er - ing, we're gath - er - ing On life's ce - les - tial shore; We soon shall meet be-yond the stream, Shall meet to part no more.

2/4 time signature, key of G major. The music consists of two staves of eight measures each, with a repeat sign and a key change to D major at the end of the second staff.

We're gath - er - ing, we're gath - er - ing On life's ce - les - tial shore; We soon shall meet beyond the stream, Shall meet to part no more.

2/4 time signature, key of G major. The music consists of two staves of eight measures each, with a repeat sign and a key change to D major at the end of the second staff.

We're gath - er - ing, we're gath - er - ing On life's ce - les - tial shore; We soon shall meet beyond the stream, Shall meet to part no more.

2/4 time signature, key of G major. The music consists of two staves of eight measures each, with a repeat sign and a key change to D major at the end of the second staff.

RALLY FOR THE RIGHT, BOYS!

By per. J. A. BUTTERFIELD,

1 Like a soldier brave, his land to save, Cour-age high and ar - mor bright; Push with vig - or on, and with your might Now ral - ly for the right, boys, ral - ly!

2 For - ward to the fight, strong in the right; Fiercely mnst the bat - the rage; Vict'ry will be ours, if we en - gage To ral - ly for the right, boys, ral - ly!

3 We mnst con - quer sin, if we would win Laurels for the victor's brow; Then with Christ our Cap - tain, firm - ly now We'll ral - ly for the right, boys, ral - ly!

4 When the con - flict's o'er, on Jor - dan's shore, Numbered with the vet' - ran band, In our Captain's ranks we hope to stand, So ral - ly for the right, boys, ral - ly!

CHORUS.

Vir - tue your watchword, March firmly onward; Stray not from wisdom's way;

An - gels from a - bove Will watch with love; Then ral - ly for the right, boys, ral - ly!

Vir - tue your watchword, March firmly onward; Stray not from wisdom's way; But remember that the An - gels from a - bove Will watch with love; Then ral - ly for the right, boys, ral - ly!

PRAISE GOD.

WILL. D. THOMPSON.
From "Chorus Class," by per.

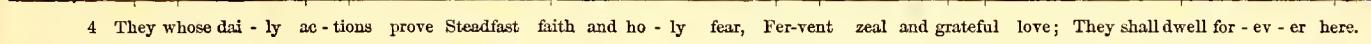
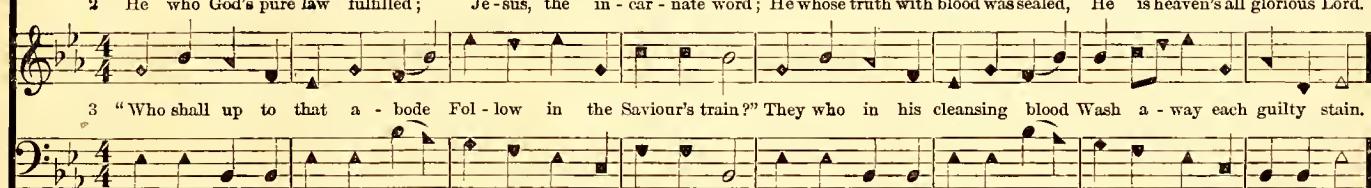
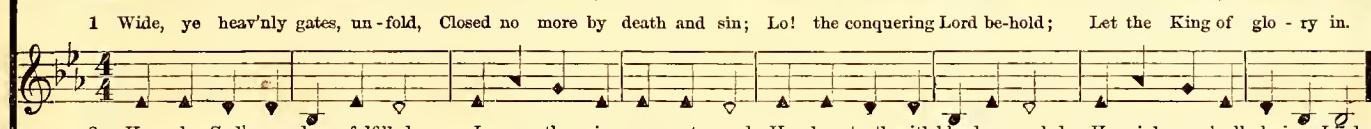
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here be - low;
 Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow; Praise him, all creatnres here bé - low; Praise
 Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow;

Praise him a - hove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.
 him a - hove, ye heav'n - ly host; Praise Fath - er, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.
 Praise him a - bove, ye heavnly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

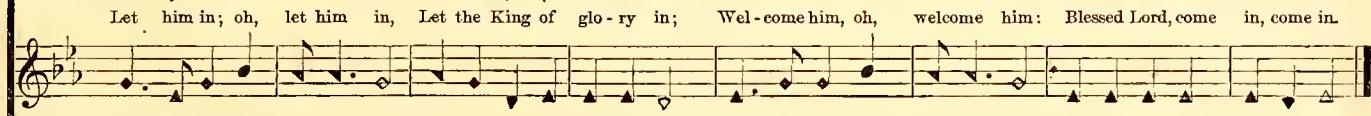
HE COMETH.

GEO. C. HUGG.

165



CHORUS.

ritard.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

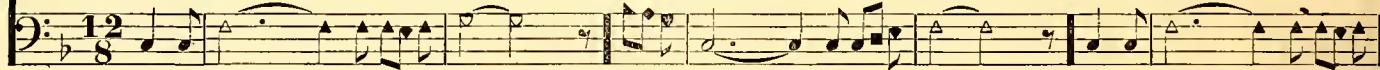
By per. CHAS. H. GABEIEL.



1 Je - sns, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly While the rag - ing



2 O - ther ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul ou thee, Leave, oh, leave me



1 Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly While the rag - ing bil-lows



bil-lows roll, While the tem - pest still is high; Hide me, O my Saviour, hide Till the storm of



not a - lone; Still sup - port and com - fort me. All my trust on thee is stayed; All my help from thee I



roll, While the tem - pest still is high; Hide me, O my Saviour, hide Till the storm of

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL. Concluded.

167

ritard.

life be past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

bring; Cov - er my de-fence-less head With the sha - dow of thy wing.

life be past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

EVELYN.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

1 There is an hour of hallowed peace For those with cares oppressed, Where sorrowing sighs and tears shall cease, And all be hushed to rest.

2 'Tis there the soul is freed from fears And doubts which here an-noy; There they who oft have sown in tears, Shall reap a - gain in joy.

3 There is a home of sweet re-pose, Where storms as -sail no more; The stream of end-less pleasure flows On that ce - les - tial shore.

4 There pu - ri - ty with love ap-pears, And bliss with-ont al - loy; There they who oft have sown in tears; Shall reap a - gain in joy.

BOW DOWN THINE EAR.

W. T. GIFFE

Andante.

Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear us; Hear the pe - ti - tions we of - fer be - fore thee:

Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear us; Hear the pe - ti - tions we of - fer be - fore thee:

Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear us; Hear the pe - ti - tions we of - fer be - fore thee:

Lead thou us, Lead thou us in - to thy truth, And hear our prayer, O Lord, most High! Hear our prayer, Hear our prayer!

Lead thou us, O Lord, Lead thou us; Lead us in - to thy truth, And hear our prayer, O Lord, most High! Hear our prayer, Hear our prayer!

Lead thou us, O Lord, Lead thou us, O Lord, in - to thy truth, And hear our prayer, O Lord, most High! Hear our prayer, Hear our prayer!

Lead us in - to thy truth, And hear our prayer, O Lord, most High! Hear our prayer, Hear our prayer!

HOLY LORD GOD ALMIGHTY.

T. W. DENNINGTON.

169

Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord God Al-migh-ty, Glo - ry he to thee; Heav'n and earth are full of thy glo - ry; Glo - ry be to God most high!

Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord God Al-migh-ty, Glo - ry be to thee; Heaven and earth are full of thy glo - ry; Glo - ry be to God most high

Glory he to God most high! Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry he to God most high! Glo - ry be to God most high, To God most high! A - men. A - men.

Glory he to God most high! Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry he to God most high! Glo - ry he to God most high, To God most high! A - men. A - men.

U

O GOD, BE MERCIFUL.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

Be mer - ci - ful, be mer - ci - ful, be mer - ci - ful! O God, be mer-ci-ful un-to me; For my soul trusteth in thee; O

Be mer - ci - ful, be mer - ci - ful, be mer - ci - ful! O God, be mer-ci-ful un-to me; For my soul trusteth in thee; O

Lord, I trust in thee. Yea, in the shadow of thy

Lord, I trust in thee. Yea, in the shadow of thy wings, Yea, in the shadow of thy

Lord, I trust in thee. Yea, in the shadow of thy wings, Yea, in the shadow of thy wings,

O GOD, BE MERCIFUL. Continued.

171

wings, Yea, in the shadow of thy wings, The shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge. My heart is fixed, my

wings, Yea, in the shadow of thy wings, The sha-dow of thy wings will I make my refuge. My heart is fixed, my

Yea, in the shadow of thy wings, Yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge. My heart is fixed, my

cres. heart is fixed on thee, Is fixed on thee, O God; For thou art my strong De - liv' - rer.

dim. heart is fixed on thee, Is fixed on thee, O God; For thou art my strong De - liv' - rer. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,

cres. heart is fixed on thee, Is fixed on thee, O God; For thou art my strong De - liv' - rer. dim. heart is fixed on thee, Is fixed on thee, O God; For thou art my strong De - liv' - rer. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,

heart is fixed on thee, Is fixed on thee, O God; For thou art my strong De - liv' - rer. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,

O GOD, BE MERCIFUL. Concluded.

A - men. A - men. A - men. A - men.
A - men. A - men. A - men. A - men.
A - men. Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, A - men. Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, A - men. A - men. A - men.

ZION'S HILL. S. M.

JOHN A. SHOWALTER.

1 How heau-teous are their feet, Who stand on Zi - on's hill! Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal.

2 How charm-ing is their voice! How sweet the tid - ings are! "Zi - on, he - hold thy Sa-viour King! He reigns and tri-nmphs here."

3 How hap - py are our ears That hear this joy - ful sound, Which kings and prophets wait - ed for, And sought, but nev - er found

GO TO THY REST.

J. H. TENNEY.

173

Slow and soft.

1 Go to thy rest in peace, And soft be thy re - pose; Thy toils are o'er, thy troubles cease; From earthly cares, in sweet re - lease,

2 Go to thy peace-ful rest; For thee we need not weep, Since then art now a-mong the blest; No more by sin and sor - row pressed,

3 Go to thy rest; and while Thy ah-sence we de-plore, One thought our sor - row shall be-guile; Forsoon,with a ee - les - tial smile,

Thine eye-lids gen - tly close; From earthly cares in sweet re - lease, Thine eye-lids gen - tly close, gen - tly close.

Bn hushed in qui - et sleep; No more by sin and sor - row pressed, Bn hushed in qui - et sleep, qui - et sleep.

We meet to part no more; For soon, with a ee - les - tial smile, We meet to part no more, part no more.

OH, COME, LET US WORSHIP.

GEO. BAKER.

Musical score for "OH, COME, LET US WORSHIP." The score consists of six staves of music in common time, featuring a mix of treble and bass clefs. The key signature varies between F major (one sharp) and C major (no sharps or flats). The vocal parts are accompanied by a piano or organ part, indicated by the bass clef and harmonic markings. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with some words like "wor-ship" and "bow" having specific rhythmic patterns. The score concludes with a final section of "And bow down," "Let us worship," and "Oh, come . . . Oh," followed by a final piano/vocal line.

Oh, come, let us wor - ship, and bow down; Let us kneel . . . be - fore the Lord our Mak - er;

Oh, come, let us wor - ship, and bow down; Let us kneel be - fore the Lord, the Lord our Mak - er; Oh,

Oh, come, let us wor - ship, and bow down, Let us kneel be - fore the Lord our Mak - er, Oh,

Oh, come, let us wor - ship, and bow down; Let us kneel be - fore the Lord, the Lord our Mak - er;

And bow down, And bow down, Let us wor - ship,

come, let us wor - ship and bow down; Oh, come, let us wor - ship and bow down; Oh, come . . . Oh,

And bow down, And bow down, Let us wor - ship,

OH, COME, LET US WORSHIP. Concluded.

175

A hand-drawn musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor) and basso continuo. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The vocal parts are written in soprano, alto, and tenor clefs, with lyrics underneath each note. The basso continuo part is written in bass clef, with various note heads and rests indicating pitch and rhythm. The score consists of six systems of music, each starting with a different vocal entry. The lyrics for the first system are: "Let us worship, Let us worship, and bow down; Oh, come, let us worship and bow down; Let us come, . . . Oh, come, . . . and bow down; Ob, come, let us worship and bow down; Let us". The second system starts with "Let us worship, Let us worship, and bow down; Oh, come, let us worship, and bow down; Let us". The third system starts with "kneel be - fore the Lord our Ma - ker; Bow down, bow down be - fore the Lord our Ma - ker.". The fourth system starts with "kneel be - fore the Lord our Ma - ker; Bow down, bow down be - fore the Lord our Ma - ker.". The fifth system starts with "kneel be - fore the Lord our Ma - ker; Bow down, bow down be - fore the Lord our Ma - ker.". The sixth system starts with "kneel be - fore the Lord our Ma - ker; Bow down, bow down be - fore the Lord our Ma - ker.". The score uses a mix of solid and hollow note heads, and various symbols like triangles and diamonds for performance instructions.

Allegro.

Praise Je - ho - vah, Praise Je - ho - vah! Praise and bless his ho - ly name, Praise and bless his ho - ly name; For
 Praise Je - ho - vah, Praise Je - ho - vah! Praise and bless his ho - ly name, Praise and bless his ho - ly name; For

he is good, and kind, and gra-cious: Ex-alt and mag - ni - fy his name, His ho - ly name, for - ev - er - more, for
 he is good, and kind, and gra-cious; Ex-alt and mag - ni - fy his name, His ho - ly name, for - ev - er - more, for

PRAISE JEHOVAH. Continued.

177

ev - er - more! The Lord is nigh to all his chil-dren; Bless-ed be the Lord, the Lord our God; From this time

ev - er - more! The Lord is nigh to all his chil-dren; Bless-ed be the Lord, the Lord our God; From this time

forth For - ev - er-more, for - ev - er-more, for - ev - er-more! Blessed be the Lord, Blessed be the Lord, The Lord our

Bless- ed be the Lord our

forth For - ev - er-more, for - ev - er-more, for - ev - er-more! Blessed be the Lord, Blessed be the Lord, The Lord our

PRAISE JEHOVAH. Concluded.

God, the Lord our God, The Lord our God, The Lord our God! Praise and bless his ho - ly name; For he is good, and kind, and

God, the Lord our God, The Lord our God, The Lord our God! Praise and bless his ho - ly name; For he is good, and kind, and

gra-cious; Bless the Lord and mag-ni-fy his ho - ly name for - ev - er - more, for - ev - er - more, for - ev - er - more!

gra-cious; Bless the Lord and mag-ni-fy his ho - ly name for - ev - er - more, for - ev - er - more, for - ev - er - more!

his name for - ev - er - more,

LO, MY SHEPHERD IS DIVINE!

By per. J. H. TENNEY.

179

mf

Lo, my Shep - herd is di - vine! How can I want when he is mine? How can I want when he is mine?

Lo, my Shep - herd is di - vine! How can I want when he is mine? How can I want when he is mine?

m

Lo, my Shep - herd is di-vine! How can I want when he is mine? How can I

Lo, my Shep - herd is di-vine! How can I want when he is mine? How can I want,

m

Lo, my Shep - herd is di-vine How can I want when he is mine? How can I

Ped.

LO, MY SHEPHERD IS DIVINE! Continued.

want, How can I want when he is mine?

When he is mine? How can I want when he is mine? By the streams that wan - der slow,

want, . . . How can I want when he is mine?

p

Through the meads where flow' - rets grow, He lead - eth me; And there I rest in peace di-

He lead - eth me; And there I rest in peace di-

Through the meads where flow' - rets grow, He lead - eth me; And there I rest in peace di-

p

LO. MY SHEPHERD IS DIVINE. Concluded.

181

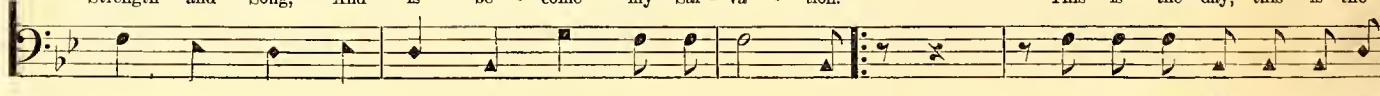
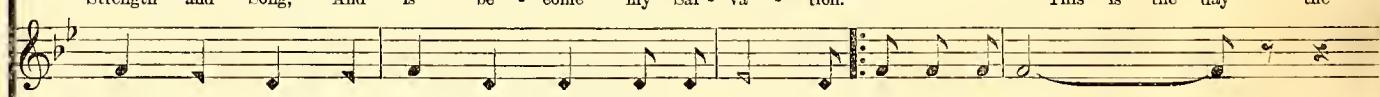
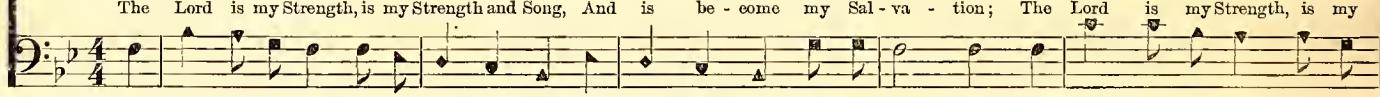
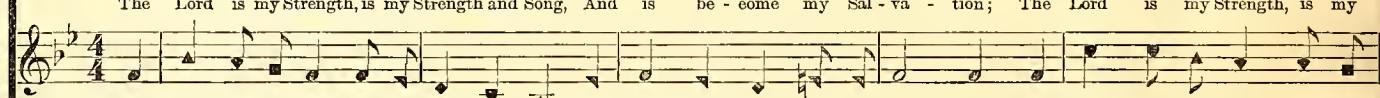
vine - ly blest; di - vine - ly blest, In love and peace di - vine - ly blest;
 vine - ly blest; There rest in peace; In love and peace di - vine - ly blest,
 vine - ly blest; di - vine - ly blest, In love and peace di - vine - ly blest;

 In love and peace di - vine - ly blest; In love and peace, In love and peace di - vine - ly blest.

 In love and peace di - vine - ly blest; In love and peace, In love and peace di - vine - ly blest.

THE LORD IS MY STRENGTH AND SONG.

By per. B. C. UNSELD.



THE LORD IS MY STRENGTH AND SONG. Concluded.

183

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, treble, bass, and alto clefs. The key signature is one sharp. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first two staves are in a faster tempo, indicated by a common time signature and eighth-note patterns. The third staff begins with a bass clef and a different rhythm pattern, followed by a section labeled "Adagio." The lyrics describe a day of rejoicing and gladness in God's creation.

Lord hath made, this is the day; . . . This is the day the Lord hath made: We will re - joice and be
 This is the day . . . the Lord hath made; The day the Lord hath made: We will re - joice and be
 day . . . the Lord hath made; The day the Lord hath made: We will re - joice and be
 made, . . . this is the day the Lord hath made; This is the day the Lord hath made: We will re - joice and be

Adagio.

glad in it; We will re-joice and be glad in it; We will be glad in it.
 glad in it; We will re-joice and be glad in it; We will be glad in it.

GLORY TO ISRAEL'S GOD.*

J. H. ROSECRANS.

FINE.

Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry to Is - rael's God! Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry to Is - rael's God!

Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry to Is - rael's God! Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry to Is - rael's God!

A - wake, my tongue, thy tri - bute bring To him who gave thee power to sing.

A - wake, my tongue, thy tri - bute bring To him who gave thee power to sing.

GLORY TO ISRAEL'S GOD. Concluded.

185

TENOR OR TREBLE SOLO.

Praise him who is all praise a - hove; The Source of wis - dom.
Praise him who is all praise a - bove, Praise him who is all praise a - bove; The Source of wis - dom and of love, The.
Praise him who is all praise a - bove, Praise him who is all praise a - hove; The Source of wis - dom and of love, The.

1st time.

2d time.

D.C.

and of love.
Source of wis-dom and of love; Source of wis - dom and of love.
Source of wis - dom and of love; Source of wis - dom and of love.

WHO ARE THESE IN BRIGHT ARRAY?

By per H. R. PALMER,

SOPRANO SOLO.

3

Who are these in bright array?

Who are these in bright array?

These are they who wash'd their robes in the

Who are these? Who are these?

Who are these? These are they who wash'd their robes in the

Who are these? Who are these?

Who are these? These are they who wash'd their robes in the

Faster.

blood of the Lamb. These are they

These are they.

Therefore they stand be - fore the throne, cry - ing: Bless-ing, glo - ry,

blood of the Lamb. These are they who wash'd their robes in the blood of the Lamb.

Therefore, they stand before the throne, ever interceding; Blessing also my

Therefore

blood of the Lamb. These are they who wash'd their robes in the blood of the Lamb.

There-fore they stand be-fore the throne, cry-ing: Bless-ing. glo-ry.

WHO ARE THESE IN BRIGHT ARRAY? Concluded.

187

a tempo.

wis-dom hon - or, Pow - er, and might he un - to God, ev - er, wor' with-out end. They shall hun - ger no more, neith - er
They shall walk by the streams of the

wis-dom, hon - or, Pow - er, and might be un - to God, ev - er, world with - ou end. They shall hun - ger no more, neith - er
They shall walk by the streams of the

1
Repeat. pp

thirst an - y - more, For the Lamh np - on the throne shall feed them; For the Lamh up - on the throne shall lead them. lead them.
foun - tain of life, For the Lamh np - on the throne shall lead them; For the Lamh np - on the throne shall (omit.) lead them.

thirst an - y - more, For the Lamh up - on the throne shall feed them; For the Lamh up - on the throne shall lead them. lead them.
foun - tain of life, For the Lamh np - on the throne shall lead them; For the Lamh np - on the throne shall (omit.) lead them.

I WAS GLAD.

J. H. TENNEY.

Allegretto.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, key signature of one sharp (F#), and dynamic markings such as \circ , $\circ \cdot$, and $\circ \circ$. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first two staves begin with "I was glad when they said un - to me," followed by "I was glad," and then "I was glad when they said un - to". The third staff begins with "I was glad when they said un - to me," followed by "I was glad when they said un - to me," and then "I was". The final section starts with "me, When they said un - to me, Let us go in - to the house of the Lord. My feet shall stand with-", followed by "glad when they said un - to me, Let us go in - to the house of the Lord. My feet shall stand with-", and ends with "glad when they said un - to me, Let us go in - to the house of the Lord. My feet shall stand with-", followed by "me When they said un - to me, Let us go in - to the house of the Lord. My feet shall stand with-". There are several fermatas (dots over notes) and a measure repeat sign (double bar line with dots) in the middle section.

I was glad when they said un - to me, I was glad, I was glad when they said un - to
I was glad when they said un - to me, when they said un - to me, I was
I was glad when they said un - to me, I was glad when they said un - to me, I was
I was glad when they said un - to me, I was glad when they said un - to me, I was
me, When they said un - to me, Let us go in - to the house of the Lord. My feet shall stand with-
glad when they said un - to me, Let us go in - to the house of the Lord. My feet shall stand with-
glad when they said un - to me, Let us go in - to the house of the Lord. My feet shall stand with-
me When they said un - to me, Let us go in - to the house of the Lord. My feet shall stand with-

I WAS GLAD. Continued.

189

in thy gates, O Je - ru - sa - lem! O Je - ru - sa - lem! My feet shall stand with - in thy gates; O Je - ru - sa - lem! Je-

in thy gates, O Je - ru - sa - lem! O Je - ru - sa - lem! My feet shall stand with-in thy gates; O Je - ru - sa - lem! Je-

andante.

ru - sa - lem! Pray for the peace, for the peace of Je - ru - sa - lem! They shall pros - per that love thee,

ru - sa - lem! Pray for the peace of Je - ru - sa - lem! They shall pros - per that . love thee

ru - sa - lem! Pray for the peeee of Je - ru - sa - lem! They shall pros - per that love thee.

that love thee

I WAS GLAD. Concluded.

Allegro.

Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy walls; And prosper - i - ty, pros-

Peace he within thy walls, Peace be within thy walls, Peace he within thy walls; And prosper - i - ty, pros-

Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy walls, Peace . . . And prosper - i - ty, pros-

Peace he within thy walls, Peace be within thy walls. And prosper - i - ty pros-

per - i - ty with - in thy pal - a - ces; Pros-per - i - ty, pros-per - i - ty with - in thy pal - a - ces. A - men. A - men.

per - i - ty with - in thy pal - a - ces; Pros-per - i - ty, pros-per - i - ty with - in thy pal - a - ces. A - men. A - men.

INDEX.

	<small>PAGE</small>		<small>PAGE</small>		<small>PAGE</small>
Aldine - - - - -	56	Cook. L. M. - - - - -	107	He cometh - - - - -	165
Alma. S. M. D. - - - - -	129	Cornell. L. M. - - - - -	108	Herndon. S. M. - - - - -	125
A little farm well tilled - - - - -	58	Crystal. S. M. - - - - -	127	Herald. L. M. - - - - -	107
A lute with no one to play it - - - - -	51	Dennington. L. M. - - - - -	110	Holy Bible - - - - -	153
Amboy - - - - -	95	Duke street. L. M. - - - - -	104	Holy Lord God Almighty - - - - -	169
America - - - - -	29	Emeriek. 7s. - - - - -	133	Home. C. M. D. - - - - -	113
Anna. L. M. - - - - -	102	Ennis. S. M. - - - - -	122	Howard. 8s & 7s. - - - - -	137
Ashville. C. M. - - - - -	112	Euphrates. L. M. - - - - -	103	How sweet to be roaming. Roun& - - - - -	91
At Jesus' feet - - - - -	160	Eutaw. S. M. - - - - -	121	Invocation. C. M. - - - - -	115
Autumn - - - - -	21	Evelyn - - - - -	167	I was glad - - - - -	188
Baker. S. M. - - - - -	161	Evening - - - - -	23	Jefferson. S. M. - - - - -	121
Belmont. C. M. - - - - -	115	Farenzo. L. M. - - - - -	106	Jesus, Lover of my soul - - - - -	166
Bow down thine ear - - - - -	168	Farewell serenade - - - - -	40	Jewel. 7s. - - - - -	97
Bradford. C. M. - - - - -	118	Farewell to the forest - - - - -	60	Just as I am - - - - -	157
Brightly - - - - -	34	Fredericksburg. H. M. - - - - -	132	Kieffer's chant. L. M. - - - - -	100
Brightly now the moon is beaming - - - - -	64	Gathering home within the vale - - - - -	162	Laban. S. M. - - - - -	122
Calistoga. S. M. - - - - -	127	Gathering seed - - - - -	142	Laughlin. L. M. - - - - -	103
Cheer me on my way - - - - -	154	Gerar. S. M. - - - - -	125	Leighton. L. M. - - - - -	101
Childhood days - - - - -	68	Gibson. C. M. - - - - -	117	Let the hills resound - - - - -	84
Chime again - - - - -	76	Glory to Israel's God - - - - -	184	Light in the valley - - - - -	156
Christmas song - - - - -	26	Good-night - - - - -	70	Live to some purpose - - - - -	22
Clara. S. M. - - - - -	120	Go to thy rest - - - - -	173	Lizzie. S. M. - - - - -	120
Closing hour - - - - -	123	Greeting - - - - -	15	Lo, my Shepherd is divine - - - - -	179
Cohasset. H. M. - - - - -	131	Happy welecome to all - - - - -	54	Longfellow - - - - -	42
Come, follow me merrily. Round - - - - -	45	Harris. 7s. 6 lines - - - - -	134	Making hay - - - - -	16
Comfort. L. M. - - - - -	105	Hark! to the solemn bell - - - - -	151	Martyn. 7s. D. - - - - -	135
Come home - - - - -	71	Hanser. L. M. D. - - - - -	111	Mason's ehant. C. M. - - - - -	112
Come with thy lute - - - - -	94	Hear, oh, hear me - - - - -	141	Mattie. C. M. - - - - -	118
Confidencee. S. M. D. - - - - -	108				191

INDEX.

	PAGE		PAGE	PAGE					
Meditatiou.	C. M.	- - - - -	114	Rowing against the tide	- - - - -	78	The old nome	- - - - -	52
Merrily on	-	- - - - -	27	Scotland's burning. Round	- - - - -	33	The shelter of the cross	- - - - -	147
Merrily sing	-	- - - - -	46	See the flakes of fleecy snow	- - - - -	18	The seasons	- - - - -	25
Merton	-	- - - - -	65	She is sleeping	- - - - -	139	The sixty thousandd	- - - - -	67
Mooar.	C. M.	- - - - -	117	Shepherd. S. M.	- - - - -	126	The sleigh ride	- - - - -	20
Moonlight	-	- - - - -	19	Showalter. L. M.	- - - - -	102	The snow	- - - - -	31
Moorman	-	- - - - -	15	Slumber, darling	- - - - -	80	The star-spangled banner	- - - - -	57
Morning hymn	-	- - - - -	143	Slumber, dearest	- - - - -	93	The sunbeams are glancing	- - - - -	96
Morning sunbeams	-	- - - - -	50	Slumber on	- - - - -	98	The quiet mind	- - - - -	17
My anchor is holding	-	- - - - -	152	Smith. S. M.	- - - - -	124	The toper's song	- - - - -	62
My mountain home	-	- - - - -	49	Softly the day is declining	- - - - -	48	The watch on the Rhine	- - - - -	90
Nauweta.	L. M.	- - - - -	104	Soldiers, rest	- - - - -	30	Tribute. 8s & 7s.	- - - - -	137
Nearer, my God, to thee	-	- - - - -	140	Solitude. C. M.	- - - - -	113	Trip lightly	- - - - -	28
Normal	-	- - - - -	106	Somerville. C. M.	- - - - -	155	Turn away from wine	- - - - -	74
O God, be merciful	-	- - - - -	170	Song of greeting	- - - - -	32	'Twas you, sir. Round	- - - - -	37
Oh, come, let us worship	-	- - - - -	174	Song of spring	- - - - -	81	Twilight is falling	- - - - -	24
Oh, come with me	-	- - - - -	47	Spring. C. M.	- - - - -	116	Valley Ford. 8s & 7s.	- - - - -	136
Olive's chant.	L. M.	- - - - -	109	Stars of the summer night	- - - - -	61	Vandalia. S. M.	- - - - -	126
Oscala.	L. M.	- - - - -	145	St. Nicholas. C. M.	- - - - -	119	Vesper song	- - - - -	92
Outward bound	-	- - - - -	44	Stockwell. 8s & 7s.	- - - - -	136	Vincent. H. M.	- - - - -	130
Praise God	-	- - - - -	164	Strathmore. C. M.	- - - - -	114	Waiting. L. M.	- - - - -	109
Praise Jehovah	-	- - - - -	176	Summer song	- - - - -	99	Welcome. 7s. D.	- - - - -	135
Pollock.	C. M.	- - - - -	119	Sweet hall	- - - - -	146	Welcome to May	- - - - -	38
Prior. C. M.	-	- - - - -	116	Sweetly sing	- - - - -	43	We're a happy vocal band	- - - - -	16
Rally for the right, boys	-	- - - - -	163	Tell it again	- - - - -	144	What a Friend we have in Jesus	-	138
Randall. 7s.	-	- - - - -	133	Thatcher. S. M.	- - - - -	124	What a world this might have been	-	39
Rea. L. M.	-	- - - - -	105	The city of light	- - - - -	148	Who are these in bright array?	-	186
Rest in heaven	-	- - - - -	150	The echo	- - - - -	59	Whose I am	- - - - -	159
Rockingham.	L. M.	- - - - -	101	The fireman's call. Round	- - - - -	33	Winter	- - - - -	66
Rosecrans. S. M.	-	- - - - -	123	The Lord is my strength and song	- - - - -	182	Would I were a boy again	- - - - -	36
				The lovely land	- - - - -	158	Zion's Hill. S. M.	- - - - -	172











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SHEET MUSIC.

WHISPER YOU'LL BE MINE, LOVE.....	40
TAKING THE LITTLE ONE HOME TO REST.....	25

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